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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME CONFRONTS MR. WELLS
The author, during his recent visit to America, with the new Dymaxion car, photographed for The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

Wells the Fantasiast

SEVEN FAMOUS NOVELS. By H. G. Wells. The Time Machine; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Invisible Man; the War of the Worlds; The First Men in the Moon; The Food of the Gods; In the Days of the Comet. With a Preface by the Author. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IT is something of a feat to have packed seven of Mr. Wells's books into a single volume, clearly and legibly printed; and to have evoked from the author some prefatory observations on the type of writing in which he is indubitably at his best, even if he seems to regard it almost as contemptuously as Conan Doyle regarded the Sherlock Holmes stories. Whether an author or a reader is best equipped to see what is in a book is a debatable question; and Stravinsky conducting Stravinsky's own compositions, before those who have heard them conducted by Toscanini, is hardly more astonishing than is, sometimes, Wells expounding Wells.

From the beginning, of course, there were two spirits in Wells, the fantasiast and the evangelist; it is not surprising that as he grew older and the world grew worse, the evangelist almost completely got the upper hand. Mr. Wells describes this volume as "a collection of my fantastic stories"; but "In the Days of the Comet" is a fantasy only as it invokes a chemical change in the atmosphere as motivation of a millennial change in human nature which hardly follows, even from so drastic a premise. Doubtless the selection was controlled by cogent economic considerations; and it may be ungracious to wish that a volume which includes so much good Wells had omitted the comet story, which is very third-rate Wells, and substituted, say, "When the Sleeper Wakes."

As to the rationale of the fantastic novel, set forth by the best of its practitioners. Mr. Wells finds no resemblance whatever between his own works and Jules Verne's.

> His work dealt almost always with actual possibilities of invention and discovery, and he made some remarkable forecasts. . . . But these stories of mine do not pretend to deal with possible things. . . . They aim indeed only at the same amount of conviction as one gets in a good gripping dream. . . . The living interest lies in their non-fantastic elements and not in the invention itself. . . . The thing that makes such imaginations interesting is their translation into commonplace terms and a rigid exclusion of other marvels from the story.

Grant one immense and, if you like, impossible factor in the situation: what would happen if everything else remained as before? This is a sound theory; for proof you need go no farther than Wells's abandonment of it in his not very successful revision of "When the Sleeper Wakes." The Sleeper, in that second version, changed with his world; he was Wells regarding the future, not a man just waking up from a long sleep, with his human nature going on from where it had left off.

As for the technique of the fantasy,

(*Continued on page* 725)

Spring in Arlington

By RUTH LECHLITNER

COME young men I am not to be forgotten
Whose dust you breathe:
Do you not bear in your hot blood my shadow,
Can you not taste the dead?

Come now: be not betrayed again
By the elders, the old dogs
Sniffing the stumps of battle-broken trees,
Lifting stiff legs. . . .

Be not deceived
By the fat myopic statesmen
(The laurel they gather me cold from the mountain
Wilts in their sweaty palms)

Already I have seen them
Measure your flesh among them
Portion you, suck you
Dry as a mummy's bladder

Already I have seen you
Rotting gas-carrion under
The green smile of spring

Come now, yield me your already
Brief beauty, give your wounds to
The cleansing maggots

Be warned lest your mouths leaf-cool
Touch mine as we lie together
Musk for the rutting roots:

It is Spring in Arlington. . . .

Exiles from Reality

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

MR. MALCOLM COWLEY has undertaken to write the history of the lost generation.* He identifies this generation as the group of writers who saw service in the Army, lived in Greenwich Village for a while, expatriated themselves on behalf of the good life, and finally returned to make what terms they could with the America from which they had seceded. It is not clear just how or wherein these people were lost, nor just why an explanation of them is desirable, but "Exile's Return" is an effort to tell their story in relation to the infinite.

Mr. Cowley's book will be an easy exercise for Freudians. Much the most important fact about the generation, the author tells us, was the process of deracination to which it was subjected and from whose effects only a part of it recovered. The mandrake has an important place in art and folklore: uprooting is a symbol of emasculation. The sense of personal enfeeblement, of power and identity lost, is usually associated with the castration complex. When a fixation occurs on the level of that infantile dread, the complex works out in adult life as a fear of impotence and an uneasy search for replenishment or restoration. These often produce what is known as fugue, an impulse toward flight which may be expressed in various ways. Note the "escape" to which Mr. Cowley alludes so often. To interpret it as retreat from an unfavorable environment or even as retreat from one's unprofitable self is merely rationalization: it is a search for personal completion, an effort to recover what that infantile despair held to be lost. It is dominated by the desire for wholeness, and wholeness was first associated with the womb. Suicide, the Catholic church, and communism, the typical fulfilments that Mr. Cowley records, are psychologically identical. These are, remember, literary people. The free-floating anxiety of the castration complex is powerfully supported by their vocational narcism; literature is an exhibitionist phenomenon. Significantly, the lost generation are nostalgic about their childhood. In the slate country or on the banks of the Wabash or north of Boston, before the rape of the mandrake, they were whole. They have not been since, and the compensation of that impairment is their history. If anyone be found who has made an adult adjustment to that early lack, he does not belong to the lost generation.

Psycho-analysis, which the lost generation once devoutly embraced, would thus interpret the data which Mr. Cowley presents. Mr. Cowley repudiates the Freudian dogma, however, and it will be more fruitful to discuss his book sociologically, since he insists on the social significance of the movement. But the moment that this sterner criterion is applied, concealed theorems are revealed. "Exile's Return" at once ceases to be a history of a generation and becomes the apologia of a coterie. Within the guild, there will be writers of Mr. Cowley's generation who dissent from his identification with himself of all literary phenomena since 1917, refusing him power of attorney to speak for them. And outside the guild, literary ideas and behavior are considerably less important than Mr. Cowley assumes. The importance of literary people is chiefly to one another; a fixed difference between the voice of a nation and the manifesto of a house organ must be taken into account.

The literary first, since it was probably the literary whom Miss Gertrude Stein meant when she uttered a phrase that must eventually lose its tragic connotation. There are a good many writers who were of draft-age or below it in 1917 but who nevertheless failed to suffer the uprooting, the frustration, and the despair that Mr. Cowley describes with such eloquence. What, in terms of Mr. Cowley's book, is to be made of them? One may say that they are unimportant writers; one may assert that they have no relation to the true spirit of the times or the genuine current of social and intellectual and emotional movement, or that they are counter-revolutionary phenomena. But such a judgment is flagrantly subjective—it is to define importance of the true and the genuine as what I hold to be important and true and genuine, and that is not at all the burden of Mr. Cowley's book. There they are, distinguished writers who show none of the stigmata of the lost generation and so escape from his generalization. What, for diagnosis, is significant about them?

First of all, I think, that they were not betrayed into megalomania, and second, that they omitted to interpret purely private bellyaches as a universal principle of evil. The lost generation whom Mr. Cowley describes was a group of writers whose sentiments were similar, and these sentiments, which he calls the religion of art, included a necessity to be great artists. These people would Go Beyond. They could create only the immortal. They recognized, to begin with, as Mr. Cowley records, that the cards were stacked against them since all the themes had been used up and all the symbols were worn. Hence a frantic effort to destroy both theme and symbol, carried to *surréalisme* and, it

* *EXILE'S RETURN: A Narrative of Ideas. By Malcolm Cowley. New York: W. W. Norton & Company.* 1934. $3.

This Week

LETTERS TO THE NEW ISLAND
By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
Reviewed by Padraic Colum

IGNACE PADEREWSKI
By ROM LANDAU
Reviewed by Carl Engel

FIRST CHILDHOOD
By LORD BERNERS
Reviewed by Raymond Mortimer

LIFT UP THE GLORY
ANONYMOUS
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

INDEED THIS FLESH
By GRACE FLANDRAU
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL
By T. S. STRIBLING
Reviewed by George Stevens

MONEY TO THE FORE
By FABIAN FRANKLIN

GRANULES FROM AN HOUR-GLASS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE JAMES FAMILY
By RALPH BARTON PERRY

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may be, beyond that. Hence a triumph of the castration feeling in the nihilism of Paul Valéry's withdrawal from art. Hence, most revealingly, the impotence that rebuked them when they actually wrote books, when their fantasies were forced to meet the test of reality. Mr. Cowley notes that a surprising number of them did not write books at all, finding it more secure merely to talk about writing them some time later. He should have gone on: he should have noted the astonishing infecundity of those who did. The resolve to abandon the sense of humor might secure them some comfort, blunting their ability to distinguish between sublimity and preposterousness, but in the end not even a solemn decision that they would not be Proust could assuage them. In their religion they had desired and intended to be Proust, and here were books which no fantasy could make out to be more than ordinary books. Therefore they despaired, and it is significant that they interpreted their own despair as the collapse of the moral order.

Mr. Cowley says that eventually, as part of their belated integration, some of them came to write stuff that they could read to their friends. That, in effect, is what writers who did not belong to the lost generation had been doing all along. These had intended to write quite ordinary books. They had, that is, abstained from the religion of art, they were under no compulsion to be great. Their effort was to write as well as they could; they wanted to utilize their experience as honestly as possible in books to which the canons of eternity need not apply. Narcism had in them a lower potential. That fact protected them from frustration and despair. Also it restrained them from identifying their experience with that of the race and the angels. If some of them were mutilated or shellshocked by the war, they tended to conclude that they had had hard luck rather than that the world was evil. If they discovered symptoms of degeneration in themselves, they did not interpret them as the collapse of civilization. There has al-
been this alternative to the auspices:
gover can be the result of having
too much quite as readily as it can
vindictiveness of God or the injustice of the capitalist system. Meanwhile, with only moderate self-consciousness, they found a discipline. Few traveling fellowships were granted to them, and their friends were usually unable to lend them steamer fare. They went to work—teaching in colleges, reporting for newspapers, even contaminating themselves with advertising copy. They wrote their quite ordinary books in their time off. Either humor or realism made them reluctant to describe themselves as artists. The same quality kept them from issuing manifestoes, and when they socked the proprietor of a café they were not led to associate the act with the *Zeitgeist*. When they went abroad, they went for pleasure or education or debauch, not to fulfil themselves. They seem, on the whole, to have had a good time during the lost years. When they didn't, they were by no means sure that unhappiness was of itself enough to make them either great or betrayed. And they wrote their books. To say that these are better books than those of Mr. Cowley's coterie would be to repeat the subjective fallacy. But they are books, and they are books of the era but not of the lost generation, and, observe very carefully, Mr. Cowley's thesis has no room for them.

Mr. Cowley expresses the alternatives of the lost generation. It could, in the person of Harry Crosby, follow the cognate religions of art and individualism to insanity and extinction; or, in the person of Mr. Cowley, it could repudiate both religions and finally achieve integration by identifying itself with a social cause. Psychologically the second alternative represents completion of self by alliance with what is more complete. Sociology confirms psychology, but in a way that makes even more dubious the concept of the lost generation.

A docility among readers of literary journals is responsible for much bad thinking. They accept writers' own judgments of themselves and so interpret evidence of mere fashion, caprice, and even log-rolling as the spirit of the age. Let us be quite explicit here. To sociology, the *Cosmopolitan* is more significant than *Broom*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* more significant than either; the *New Masses* more significant than the old *Masses*, and the *National Ripsaw* more significant than either; O. O. McIntyre more significant than Michael Gold, Kathleen Norris more significant than either, and Edgar Rice Burroughs more significant than she. The social function of literature is to express the sentiments of groups and to heighten awareness of the aggregates that constitute the emotional vitality of groups. Socially, it is much better for any writer (or any realtor, farmer, or stevedore) to increase his sense of personal integrity by identifying himself with a group than it is for him to suffer impairment in that sentiment by remaining just an individual. The health of the state is the vitality of its groups, but it is an error of the first magnitude to suppose that only a single group can be vital. Socially a capitalist state is unhealthy unless its communists have vital aggregates; a communist state is just as unhealthy unless the aggregates of its counter-revolutionary groups are furiously active. Socially, it is the base and not the form that is important, and the true social function of literature in America during the post-war years was performed on levels that the lost generation never touched. Mr. Cowley is quite right in advising the remnants to identify themselves with a group, for by doing so they will achieve the identity which he finds they lack, but when he commands them to attach themselves to the workers, who alone are the true church, he lapses from sociology to autobiography.

MALCOLM COWLEY AND ROBERT PENN WARREN
Photographed near Nashville, home of the "Fugitives."

The last paragraph above is an analysis by abstract principles, those of Vilfredo Pareto, precisely as the principles behind Mr. Cowley's analysis are, somewhat improved upon, those of Karl Marx. Although the Paretian approach has here the support of psychology and anthropology, no abstract analysis is worth much. Let us get back to the repository of social facts, history. As history, "Exile's Return," is extremely dubious, the simple fact being that most of the generation was never lost at all.

Mr. Cowley's narrative has defects of statement and assumption. It is of little importance that Mr. Cowley's controversy with Gorham Munson (abbreviated since its appearance in the *New Republic*) shows an altogether different color when one turns to the *Sewanee Review*, or that there may have been other reasons for the rise of *The American Mercury* than the article by Ernest Boyd in the first issue which intensely annoyed Mr. Cowley. But it is important when we are told that, historically, "everyone felt lost and directionless," that bourgeois society collapsed, and that the capitalist system was "convulsively dying." The first two of these assertions are simply untrue, and the third is a prophecy which needs only a difference of opinion to attain the same falsity. All three are statements of sentiment, not of fact, and Mr. Cowley's treatment of the whole era is in the same terms. His account of the years is altogether subjective and he continually mistakes the emotions of his friends for the structure of society. A part of this insufficiency is merely defective experience, as when he derives a principle of history from a belief that Greenwich Village invented the drinking party—Ogden, Utah, could have shown him otherwise in 1910. Mostly, however, it is a defect of his original assumption, that some literary people are a generation and that their biography must be a history of America. There finally we must leave him altogether.

For it is a fact, however painful to writers, that the literary have only a slight importance. Among the people who were of draft-age or below in 1917, there are a few to whom the writers of their time are tremendously important. To a larger number they are moderately important, but in ambiguous ways—at best as a form of diversion, at worst as an accessory aid to peristalsis. But to much the greatest part of the generation they have no importance at all, being either quite unknown or effectively disregarded. The heart of Mr. Cowley's fallacy is right here. What about the men and women who, since 1917, in a period of rapid social shifts and readjustment, have established the pattern of our time and given shape to our institutions? To number writers among these people or to regard them as lost or to assert that they so regarded themselves is either a literary affectation or a delusion. As a symbol, the doughboy, when he got out of uniform, went to work. He entered into the process of activity, he neither fled from it nor tried to coin it into art, he became it. In the mill or the A. & P., or on the farm or in the office, he went about earning a living, rearing a family, defending his present, and safeguarding his future as well as he could. The processes of shift and adjustment, of disintegration and integration, occurred in him and not in the disembodied, theoretical discussions of literary people. To be sure, he was the material and not the mechanism of the adjustments and the patterns. The mechanism is to be observed at the foci of power—and will be seen more clearly there, now that the generation reaches the age at which it takes complete control. No writers are resident at those foci—to think otherwise is a form of fantasy, in the interest of consolation. Primarily the laboratory scientists and the politicians (the engineers of economic and social pressure) are the determinants of the actual generation. It is unwise to forget them, as Mr. Cowley does. The man who has perfected a serum for the treatment of encephalitis, who has measured a star's recession, or has discovered new ways for the utilization of energy, has worked straight toward the alteration of the social equilibrium, as no writer can. Similarly, the humblest member of the Brain Trust and any active spokesman of a business group or a labor group has applied the very power whose absence is, by Mr. Cowley's book, a diagnostic character of the literary.

Among these men the past seventeen years have revealed no vocational neurosis. The actual possessors of power show no sense of frustration. They, like the symbolic doughboy, have not considered themselves a lost generation. It is time for the adjective to receive a closer examination than anyone has given it. Mr. Cowley has defined it as meaning that certain writers of books and their admirers, in effect a coterie, a fraternity, a literary clique, experienced despair and either committed suicide or saved their souls by deciding to favor communism. To the class of 1916 in the high schools of the United States as a whole the definition obviously does not apply.

Bernard De Voto, who for several years was a member of the English department of Northwestern University, had his own experiences of war-time France as second lieutenant of infantry. He is an authority on American frontier history, the General Editor of the Americana Deserta series, and a novelist with several tales to his credit.

The Man in the Youth

LETTERS TO THE NEW ISLAND. By W. B. Yeats. Edited with an introduction by Horace Reynolds. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IF these letters were published anonymously we should have an interesting time guessing what had been the career of their young writer. Mailed forty odd years ago they were addressed to *The Providence Journal* and *The Boston Pilot*, letters on literary topics. The writer is youthfully eager-minded and very understanding; he is close to literary happenings in London and is an Irish partisan. Now and again a phrase makes us feel that we should not be surprised to hear that he had developed as a poet. Distinctly a young man of judgment. But when he writes about Irish literary projects we sense something more than good judgment—there is discovery here and what belongs to all genuine discoverers—a seer-like quality. Well, in the course of forty years this eager-minded young man became a celebrated poet, a winner of the Nobel Prize, the founder of a national theatre, the developer of themes from folk-lore and, for his nationalist partisanship, a Senator of the Irish Free State. The writer of these forty-year old literary columns which his present editor entitles "Letters to the New Island" (America is usually named An t-Oilean Ur, in Irish the New Island) is William Butler Yeats.

The recurring theme of these letters is the necessity for turning from what is cosmopolitan to what is national and traditional. The young poet living in London realizes that the English have cut themselves off from their folk-tradition through urbanization, while the Irish, although absorbed in a political conflict and with unformed literary standards, have a folk and heroic tradition out of which might come a new and stirring literary movement. In the first letter printed in this collection he notes that an Irish man of letters, T. W. Rolleston, had just translated Walt Whitman into German. "I wish he would devote his imagination to some national purpose," the young correspondent observes. "Cosmopolitan literature is, at best, but a poor bubble, though a big one. Creative work has always a fatherland." He himself had written of the Indian Golden Age and about Arcadian shepherds, but he had turned to local legends and to the traditional body of romance which he was to shape into "The Wanderings of Oisin." He had friends in Ireland who represented heroic life for him; there was John O'Leary, the Fenian leader, an old man at the time, who was able to inspire him. "One thinks of him now sitting among his books in his house at Drumcondra," and one feels that this presence gives him hope and courage. "Whenever an Irish writer has strayed away from Irish themes and Irish feelings, in almost all cases he has done no more than make alms for oblivion." He was eager to unite to his interest in folk-lore and his project for the foundation of a modern Irish literature a philosophy which appealed to him. "With Irish literature and Irish thought alone I have to do," he writes,

> and yet the doctrines I have just been studying in Pater's jewelled paragraphs—the Platonic theory of spiritual beings having their abode in all things without and within us, and thus uniting all things as by a living ladder of souls with God Himself—have some relation to the very matter of Irish thought that brings me to Ireland just now.

In the National Library in Dublin he notes that the only people reading are students who are cramming for some examination. "Can we find a remedy?" he demands. "Can we not unite literature to the great passion of patriotism and ennoble both thereby?" As a matter of history this young inquirer went a long way towards uniting literature and patriotism and bringing a new impulse to the students in the reading-room which Joyce was to describe in "Portrait of the Artist" and "Ulysses." "And if history and the living present fails us," he exclaims, "do there not lie hid among the spear-heads and golden collars over the way in the New Museum, suggestions of that age before

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history when the art, legends and wild mythology of the earliest Ireland rose out of the void? There alone is enough of the stuff that dreams are made on to keep us busy a thousand years."

The literary philosophy of this very comprehending young poet is given in the best written of these papers, "The Poet of Ballyshannon."—

> To fully understand these poems one needs to have been born and bred in one of those Western Irish towns; to remember how it was the centre of your world, how the mountains and the river and the roads became a portion of your life forever; to have loved with a sense of possession even the roadside bushes where the roadside cottagers hung their clothes to dry. That sense of possession was the very centre of the matter. Elsewhere you are only a passer-by, for everything is owned by so many that it is owned by no one.

Still, the poet of Ballyshannon, William Allingham, was for all his singing of a place where one could have that necessary sense of possession, a minor poet. And why had he only this rank? With much insight the young Yeats discovers the reason for us. He did not take his peasants quite seriously, for one thing. And he made no record of the passions that stirred in the place he celebrated.—

> A wild west coast, a little Town
> Where little Folk go up and down.

What he recorded was a jumble of old memories. "Memories, be it noticed, of things and moments, more than of passions and persons." And then the young poet goes on to prophesy of a literature that he and several of his contemporaries and successors have brought into being.—

> To the greater poets everything they see has its relation to the national life, and through that to the universal and divine life; nothing is an isolated artistic moment; there is a unity everywhere; everything fulfils a purpose that is not its own; the hailstone is a journey-man of God; the grass blade carries the universe upon its point. But to this universalism, this seeing of unity everywhere, you can only attain through what is near you, your nation, or, if you be no traveller, your village and the cobwebs on your walls. You can no more have the greater poetry without a nation than religion without symbols. One can only reach out to the universe with a gloved hand—that glove is one's nation, the only thing one knows even a little of.

One has to be grateful to Professor Reynolds and the Harvard University Press for bringing out papers that have such interest—interest not only because they deal with the origins of a literary movement and the early reflections of a man of genius, but of present interest—interest to America of today which has to be reminded that local life seen in some comprehensive way is the foundation of every national literature. And there is a spontaneity about them that makes these papers delightful. Afterwards William Butler Yeats lost this spontaneity in his search for a deliberate prose style, and his later essays have self-consciousness and some affectation.

* *

As a youth in Ireland, Padraic Colum joined the National Theatre movement in Dublin. Through it he became the friend of George Russell, Lady Gregory, and William Butler Yeats. Eventually as a result of a disagreement on policy he withdrew from the movement.

Two Master Musicians

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, Musician and Statesman. By Rom Landau. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1934. $3.

JEAN DE RESZKE, and the Great Days of Opera. By Clara Leiser. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

IT is conceivable that some of Ignace Paderewski's admirers and well-wishers might hotly debate the question whether the two biographies of his, recently published,—the one by Charles Phillips, the other by Rom Landau,—constitute an embarrassment of riches or a calamitous deficiency. Both authors seized upon their subject by right of eminent domain. They made their own, with sovereign powers, both Poland and Jan Paderewski. Their claims as friends of a downtrodden nation and worshippers of a conqueror pianist are undisputed. Both authors fulfil the requirements of sympathy and intimacy with their twin-topics. Both authors, writing of a living man, could not help thinking that what they wrote would be read by him, or help wishing that, as he read, he would approve. But neither personal nor national histories necessarily gain in reliability by such considerations.

The Phillips biography has been reviewed in this paper, none too favorably. Yet, it has one great advantage over Mr. Landau's book: it aims at, and often attains, literary distinction. Mr. Landau's style is content, for the most part, to jog along at a pedestrian gait; occasionally it is lax or turgid. If the book of Mr. Landau is no less well "documented" than that of Mr. Phillips, it makes the impression of a more hasty performance—so far as the actual writing is concerned—of having been rushed through its final stages. Misprints and obvious errors abound. Mr. Landau inclines towards the mannerism—prevalent in French and German—which in English has been derisively called "elegant variation." We refer to such circumlocutions as "the young artist from Podolia" and "Poland's finest actress." They cloy and irritate. On the side of inelegance we have the picture—though perhaps accurate—of a youthful Paderewski placating the raving mænads of the concert hall who storm the platform, by giving them "encore after encore with the sweat pouring off his forehead." Where were the Saint Veronicas? The death of Paderewski's first wife is recorded in the following characteristic sentence: "It mattered, however, when at the end of the year, satisfactory as far as love and romance were concerned, but economically extremely hard and bitter, his young wife died in childbirth." Words in awkward hands become dangerous tools.

Though both are lavish in technical details, neither Mr. Phillips (who had the valuable help of Mr. Sigismond Stojowski) nor Mr. Landau has given an adequate account of Paderewski the pianist. The proficiency of the virtuoso, the fascination of the person, are easily grasped and not difficult to describe. To explain the limitations of both demands greater insight.

Whatever objections may have been raised to some of Paderewski's pianistic methods, he remains one of the very great masters of the instrument. Whatever laurels have been heaped upon Paderewski's unselfish patriotism, as statesman he was no more than an enthusiastic amateur. The extraordinary lesson he presents is the fact that true mastery is not impaired by methods open to criticism, and that ardent bungling cannot be saved or made right by the best of intentions. If it is the lesson, it also is the tragedy of Paderewski's life. Neither Mr. Phillips nor Mr. Landau makes it clear whether, to Poland and Polish politics, Paderewski in the end was not more of a liability than an asset. Neither dares raise the question whether it was not misapplied ambition, nurtured by the noble and unquestioning love for a perversely ambitious wife of failing mind, that created this liability.

Some years ago a story was current the authenticity of which we do not hesitate to question. But, like many a fable that exaggerates, it comes nearer palpable and brutal truth, than does polite half-truth. The story ran thus: It was at the Belvedere in Warsaw, during Paderewski's brief premiership. Marshal Pilsudski, head of the State, known as caring little for the comforts or conveniences of his friends and colleagues, sent word to Paderewski, known as a late riser, that he wished to see him on most important business at the early hour of eight o'clock in the morning. Punctually Paderewski arrived at Pilsudki's quarters, only to be told that the Marshal was still in his bath. Visibly annoyed, Paderewski offered to wait, but he was told that the Marshal asked him to the bathroom. Pilsudski, in the tub, begged Paderewski to close the door behind him and take the only available seat. Whereupon Pilsudski explained the reason for the unusual plan and time of conference as the only opportunity he could think of to discuss some weighty and extremely confidential matters under conditions that would automatically exclude the presence of Mme. Paderewska.

Mr. Landau, with strokes that he wants delicate and soft, sketches faintly the final scenes in the family drama. Paderewski's figure emerges from them more heroic than ever, also more human, and more lovable. After the disappointing interlude as Poland's Premier, he took to the road again as the World's Premier Pianist. After the loss of Helenka Paderewska, he returned to commune with that larger family, his faithful public. New generations were ready to acclaim him. Commanding the respect, the affection of everyone, Paderewski continues to exert the power of his art and the magic of his personality. Both will some day be appraised and described more penetratingly, more impartially, even more vividly than Mr. Phillips and Mr. Landau succeeded in doing. The best and most readable part of Mr. Landau's book is the long Postscript, "Conversations at Riond Bosson." They offer good biographical material, but are no more biography on a high plane—level with the loftiness and grandeur of Padereswski—than is the rest of the book. We are reminded again how much keener were the eye and mind of Marcel Schwob, as a biographer, in his "Imaginary Lives." That seems the ultimate problem: to tell the truth imaginatively.

As long ago as 1857 the Polish pianist Alfred Sowinski published a biographical dictionary of 600 pages entitled "Les Musiciens Polonais." "Poland is not yet lost!" She has continued in her lavish breeding of remarkable musicians. As if to remind us of the fact, Clara Leiser's life of Jean de Reszke (and of his brother Edouard) follows closely on the heels of the two Paderewski biographies. It is a full length portrait, omitting no detail, painted against a rich and busy background. The numerous letters, reprints of criticisms sweet and sour, anecdotes good and less so, illustrations and appendices, make of this volume a rich mine of information concerning one of the most brilliant eras in operatic history. What is written, by Mr. Walter Johnstone-Douglas, in a chapter on "Jean de Reszke's Principles of Singing" tries to do justice to the great singer's amazing success as a teacher. Miss Leiser has admirably caught and reproduced the glamor of a personality and of a period. In a book that abounds in French, German, and Italian quotations, it is a pleasure to commend the careful proofreading. What a pity that Jean de Reszke arrived just a little too soon for the orthophonic record and the sound-films.

LEFT, JEAN DE RESZKE AS A BOY, WITH HIS BROTHER EDOUARD; CENTER, AS DON GIOVANNI; RIGHT, AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER.

A Versatile Talent

FIRST CHILDHOOD. By Lord Berners. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND MORTIMER

PEASANTS working by the roadside in France and Italy are sometimes startled, it is said, by the spectacle of a figure in a Goldoni mask, playing Scarlatti in a Rolls-Royce, with a live Bird of Paradise perched upon his shoulder. They think it is the devil. It is Lord Berners. The tradition of the eighteenth

SKETCH BY DOROTHY HARDING
From "First Childhood."

century "milors" is not dead; and Lord Berners does in fact possess a house in the Forum at Rome, he is a collector, and he does travel in a motor which has a harpsichord as part of its furniture. But he also happens to be extraordinarily gifted.

He first made his reputation as a composer: his music is not only witty but extremely accomplished. (Diaghileff produced a ballet by him called "The Triumph of Neptune.") Then he began to paint; the influence of his favorite early Corots and of his Derains was obvious, but the talent was almost uncanny. Now he has commenced authorship, with "First Childhood," the first in a long series, I hope, of autobiographical volumes. His writing is careless, witty, cruel, and picturesquely amusing. The book is a record of an artist's childhood in utterly Philistine surroundings. His mother was a conventional woman with a passion for hunting and no sense of humor, his father an alarming and sardonic sailor, his grandmother a rigid puritan. Everything was done to make the boy an ordinary English aristocrat, devoted to the alternate preservation and destruction of foxes and pheasants. I do not know that there had been an artist in the family since the Lord Berners of Henry VIII's time, who made himself immortal by translating Froissart. But the child followed his own course with the certainty of a projectile. He was first attracted to music by the decorative aspect in notation of arpeggios, glissandos, and cadenzas: he then became an infant prodigy. From the first he picked out what was bizarre or beautiful in his surroundings, and so his reminiscences are taken up not with meets and shoots, but with the romantic aspect of the Strawberry Hill Gothic mansion where he lived, with his grandfather's madness, and with the pet birds and finery of a crippled maiden aunt. The school he was sent to is also shown in a sinister light; the headmaster was a sadist. Lord Berners has just the gifts required for autobiography, a vivid memory, a pronounced personality, and (dare one add?) a lively imagination.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Why Novelists Write Badly

Novels have absorbed so much of our literary energy, outsold so decisively all other kinds of books, been read with such democratic enthusiasm by so many readers of such differing degrees of literacy, that it is surprising to be told flatly by a great craftsman in English that, with rare exceptions, good writing is not to be found in them. And it is even more surprising that no novelist as yet has taken up H. M. Tomlinson's challenge in a recent number of this *Review*.

Probably because it is true, and especially true of the contemporary novel. Flashes of brilliance, manner, fluency, experiment in language carried to the breaking point, are common in novel writing, but the solid, confident maturity of expression that belongs to a masterpiece of English is seldom to be found there. It would be difficult to find in a dozen of the best known English and American novels of the last ten years as many paragraphs of robust confident English as one reads in the first three pages of Trollope's "Autobiography."

Surely this is not due to the sense of inferiority to poetry, or history, from which for so many generations the novel suffered. Neither novel reading nor novel writing for these many years has been regarded as a vice, or as a pastime for those who lacked erudition for more serious work. No one takes himself and his job more seriously than the novel writer. He, and not the poet, is now the source of popular morality and the expert in emotions; he, and not the historian or the preacher, sows ideas and lays down philosophies. Whatever comes into the human mind from speculation, research, or historical experience comes out again in a novel within six weeks. And still novels are not well written. Try to quote from them. Look for passages of that specific gravity which gives prose weight and beauty in addition to movement and expressiveness. Reread these novels when the flush of novelty is off. Try to find a modern novel that seems to be a final expression of the imagination—like "Lycidas," or an essay by Hazlitt or Lamb, or a sonnet of Wordsworth, or a lyric by Robert Frost or Housman. The search will be long.

Since that sense of the ephemeral and the inferior which assuredly accounts for much of the flimsiness of all but the finest earlier fiction, and may have been responsible for the stylistic lacks of a Richardson, is, or should be, wiped out forever, we must seek for other explanations of the lack of really good writing in otherwise very good novels. Surely there is nothing in the nature of fiction itself that accounts for this deficiency. Granted that the terms of story telling, with real life as a subject, may preclude the elevation and intensity of poetic style, nevertheless it is no argument for commonplace English that the subject is drawn from everyday life. By such reasoning a painter's style should be commonplace when he paints a still life of oranges in a bowl.

Two reasons for the inferior style of our novels there seem to be, the first of which is due to a misunderstanding of this very principle of relevance. The novelists of the twentieth century have been influenced by journalism, if they have not, indeed, been journalists before they were novelists. Their concern for verisimilitude, and even more their concern that the reader should recognize life as he sees it with his usually commonplace mind, have encouraged a prose that is familiar, dilute, easy to read, transparent because much observation but little thought has been dissolved in it. Bennett, Wells, Lewis, Stribling,—the list of such journalist novelists is long.

But the twentieth century has also been the age of experiment in fiction, the scene of a vigorous attempt to break away from stale conventions, to see freshly and express newly in words as painters and sculptors were expressing newly in line. Streamlines of consciousness, interior monologues, the incoherences of half consciousness, subtle facets of personality gleaming in the work of Virginia Woolf,—all this was presumably invaluable for the re-creation of a vital fiction for a new age in which the old terms were no longer viable, but (at least at the beginning) such experimenting is a strain upon language and a detriment to style. Inevitably the author is too concerned with effects to handle his medium without self-consciousness. There is in all the novels of this experimental category, which includes unquestionably those most important for the future of fiction, if not the most useful for readers looking for immediate pleasure, an unevenness of texture and an absence of that balance, harmony, and pervasive unity which make the best writing and are characteristic of matured and lasting styles.

These writers, in breaking away from convention, have broken their own rhythms also and lost the assurance which makes a style. Their defence is that conventions had to be broken; but unfortunately too many of them, and especially their critical following, have confused tradition with convention and tried to break away from that also. But tradition in fiction is merely the sum of a long experience in story telling and of a long practice in the making of English prose. Tradition is never convention, for if it crystallizes and becomes static it is no longer tradition but a dam in the stream, a bar in the path. When the experimenters get done with their job the dead hand of nineteenth century novel writing will be dust, and its conventions will have no more power over story tellers than Chaucer or Spenser or Fielding. Then perhaps the novelists will begin to feel again the power of the great tradition of English writing, which is that no virtues of novelty in subject matter, no innovations in style, can make up for the lack of a matured and entirely adequate prose. There is no other preservative for fiction.

Philip Hofer, at present Adviser for the Spencer Collection of the New York Public Library, has been made assistant director of the Morgan Library.

"I UNDERSTAND HE REALLY CAME HERE TO COLLECT MATERIAL FOR A BOOK."

To the Editor: *Evelyn Scott on Modern Fiction*

A Novel of Revolution

We print herewith an excerpt from a letter of Evelyn Scott to her publishers, which is of general interest both in its description of the author's approach to her work, and in its discussion of contemporary trends.

SIR:—I am going to spend the next four months in New Jersey, where I expect to begin work on a novel of the French Revolution. I have chosen this theme because I am constantly interested in attaining perspective, revolution is "in the air" today, but what this specific, present engrossment is to signify we do not yet know. I want to understand better earlier revolutions, both in their differences and in what may be their likeness to present-day agitations.

New Jersey seems to me a good place to begin a study of something far from it in time and geography. My last novel I have given a setting in England, not because the decline of Victorianism and the rise of the communist and fascist cannot be as well observed in the American scene, but because I can write of England without the confusion of personal involvements inevitable when handling material made intricate by long personal association. I have tried to imagine even contemporary events as if viewed in retrospect, have tried to feel for those values which become apparent only with distance.

The critical war of the moment waged over art versus propaganda seems to me calamitous, discouraging to the artist and perversive of true criticism, which can have nothing but an interpretive mission as regards accomplishment, dictation being quite alien to classical critical justice. However, American art is already so vigorous and well rooted in independence that I do not believe the artist will yield to the professional propagandist.

The American artist has the virtue (and it can be a very real one) of walking where angels fear to tread. His work very often reflects a violence of emotion and a disorganization in background which make him incomprehensible to the English critic. The English, in general, have subtler minds and a more fastidious credo of esthetics than have we, but they tend to be hopelessly bewildered before an innovation. Their fine discrimination is, usually, good only for assessing the already known. Thus their own satirists prepared them to appreciate "Babbitt," but Faulkner, Farrell, and others who treat indigenous material more immediately are not likely to be comprehended. Dreiser, for example, though respected cannot be made popular. American poets are, perhaps, better understood by that smaller audience to which poetry appeals than are American prose writers for a larger circle. The intense subjectivity of poetry gives a catholic aspect to its themes. The average Englishman not only resists new treatments of subject but is confused to apathy by the strange milieu.

Virginia Woolf, Jean Rhys, Henry Handel Richardson, John Metcalfe, and L. A. G. Strong, of those English writers of fiction with whom I am familiar, interest me most sympathetically; but in America the talents of at least potential significance are more numerous, and the "emotional ground" is, so to speak, more widely covered. From E. E. Cummings and Kay Boyle to John Dos Passos and William Rollins or Grace Lumpkin, from Hemingway or Waldo Frank to Erskine Caldwell, from Tess Slesinger and Dawn Powell and Helen Grace Carlisle to, say, Louis Adamic (one could go on), every sort of attack and every description of viewpoint is represented. In America, the creative personality, save in a few instances, fails to emerge for us distinctly, as it does so invariably in England. One is aware, even in the arts, of mob acclaim and mob contempt drowning the discerning voice and warping judgment. We have, perhaps, too much.

EVELYN SCOTT.

Samuel Woodworth

SIR:—I am engaged in a study of the life and literary activities of Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), best known as the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

I shall be grateful to anyone who supplies me with documentary or other material that might be useful.

Woodworth letters and other manuscripts sent me will be handled with care, and returned promptly.

KENDALL B. TAFT.
Department of English
The University of Chicago.

Peter Pindar

SIR:—I am engaged on a biographical and critical study of Peter Pindar (Dr. John Wolcot), the eighteenth-century English verse satirist. I should like very much to communicate with anyone possessing information (especially information about manuscripts) on the subject.

EDWARD DREYER.
Box 4575, Duke University,
Durham, N. C.

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Glory of the Flesh

LIFT UP THE GLORY. By the Author of "This Bright Summer." New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is another novel concerning strong, primitive people in "God's mountains in Vermont." I was impressed by the anonymous author's first book. He writes of the Vermont hill country with a fund of natural power. He is a writer well known "for a completely dissimilar kind of writing under his own name." Instead of Lobe's End, of the former book, his background is now a town called Wisdom and that other side of the river known as "Fane's." But the kind of countryside and the particular northeastern locale is the same. Here is proof that the writer can describe it with rich beauty:

> In that season the hills went up from Wisdom and Fane's gladly into a high heaven. Great shapes grown to spruce and hemlock and pine, edged by stands of rock and sugar maple, with here and there a silver of birches, storm-bent with weeping heads on the windy hillsides, slender-straight and delicate in shelter. This much a man saw from afar. If he went up into the hills he found places where a man would praise God to be alone, such was the great beauty. . . . The nearer spell of little things was there: in dripping places the rock-fern, a delicate thing sprung out of granite; in soft places the green moss; under the trees the partridge-berry and the running pine; under the dead leaf the arbutus.

Again, when the author notes such things as that "There was a long breath over the hills like the sound of a great scythe in deep grass," prior to a hard rain, one knows him to be an observing poet with a precise eye and ear for natural phenomena. His former book was the story of a wild and innocent young love in conflict with the dark passions and warped natures that a strange Puritanic stock has bred in these hills, even among all the grandeur of natural surroundings. His present novel deals with a younger generation of sons under the domination of a sternly religious father, and the breaking of old rigid moulds by the rebellious forces of youth. This is not accomplished without much attendant tragedy.

There are three of the Fane boys: Luke, the oldest; Peter, so physically strong that he had earned the nickname of "almighty Peter," a great healthy lad with a child's heart, and David, the dark and poetic one. Issachar, the father, has selected Leah Sharpe, orphan daughter of parents alien to the hill community, as the proper mate for his son Luke. Sons, it seems, cannot marry in that community without the father's consent. Peter, really desiring Leah, has come to feel idyllically toward little Mary Andrews whom he can never marry because her parents are scorned by his father. David has already been swept into physical love by the desirous but mentally childlike Hester Welch.

The inevitable happens to David. Hester is about to have a child. But this is still their secret. And then Mary Andrews, having been cruelly beaten at home, runs to Peter for protection, though there has been nothing between them, and Peter's father drives her harshly away. She drowns herself in the river. This cruelty of his father's so arouses Peter that they have a terrible fight in which the father is nearly killed, and in which a blow of his father's deranges Peter's mind.

Peter, now nearly a madman and terrible in his strength, leaves his home, terrifies the community, and tries again to kill his father, by sending the team his father is driving over a cliff. Leah, having scornfully refused Luke, visits Peter in an attempt to cure his madness. David, meanwhile, is tortured by his love for Hester and torn between his love for her and his devotion to his brother, Peter. A minor character in the story is Addie Small, the venomous spy of the village. She discovers the truth about David and Hester. They try to run away together. Hester's time, however, is too near. She gives birth to her child in the sugar-house on Issachar's place. The child is born dead and she dies in bearing it. David, in his anguish, leaves the hills forever.

Leah finally gives herself to Peter; and after several more strongly dramatic episodes—I have already told enough of the story to give an idea of its episodic violence—Peter, through exerting his superhuman strength to save the people of the valley in a time of flood, regains his reason and wins through to presumable happiness with Leah.

The book is frank to the uttermost. Peter is drawn as larger than life, almost like a natural force, a thunderstorm or a cataract. And yet this is a book animated by great human compassion. It is so emotionally violent at times that it barely escapes the penalties of violent writing, but it has indubitable power. As I said at the beginning, its people are primitive, blind in their wills, the best of them like flood-waters bursting powerful dams. Probably some readers will more than demur at its almost brutal energy. And yet it has some of the qualities of epic poetry.

An Unsuccessful Empire Builder

INDEED THIS FLESH. By Grace Flandrau. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE Middle West has never been neglected by American novelists, and of late its materialistic life has been sharply criticized by many of them, following more or less deliberately in the footsteps of the celebrated historian of Gopher Prairie and Zenith. Mrs. Flandrau's novel is of this type, presenting a detailed realistic account of the career of an unsuccessful real estate speculator and business man who lived in St. Paul during the period of its development. In technique and size it is a book of considerable importance, but in interest and general effectiveness it does not seem that "Indeed This Flesh" will rank with the author's better work.

The character of William Quane is no doubt a peculiarly American one, blending as it does a fanatical religious sensibility with a devouring passion for business success, but he is a little too consistent to be entirely believable. Frustrated in his desire to pile up a great fortune, and equally unlucky in his personal relationships, his life becomes the epitome of empty futility. Prolonged study of such a figure even in the hands of a writer as accomplished as Mrs. Flandrau is bound to result in dulness at times, and though much ability and thorough research have gone into the book, the final transforming alchemy which might have lent vitality to the whole is missing. Perhaps we do not care to read about William Quane because he is too familiar, a mere small-fry gambler who loses, lacking the grandiose visions and large-scale rascality which redeemed the lives of such builders of empire as Hill and Harriman. In any case, the author's efforts in his behalf are more than he deserves.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL"

T. S. Stribling Ends a Southern Trilogy

UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL. By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

MR. STRIBLING has set out with the intention of embalming the South in a symbolic trilogy, which the present volume brings to a close. Somehow the temptation to symbolism seems to be stronger in southern than in other regional fiction, possibly owing to the existence of themes of large conflict: the racial problem, the aristocracy succumbing to the poor white and the Yankee, the undying spirit of romance that refuses to live in the present. These have become the common property of southern novelists, and have given rise to a series of peculiarly melodramatic presentations of southern life.

"Unfinished Cathedral" makes it evident why the attempt to symbolize the southern scene, indulged in by any writer of less than genius, inevitably results in melodrama. To begin with, any theme of conflict is most forcibly expressed in terms of violence, and southern history gives precedent in abundance for this kind of treatment. In other words, the material is treacherously obvious. Secondly, the symbolic method tends to be—and in the case of Mr. Stribling is—completely conscious and accordingly mechanical. What this author has done, in short, is to take every event in recent southern history significant enough to have been reported by the Associated Press, and make it happen to one small group of characters. The Muscle Shoals development, the real estate boom, the rise and fall of the Ku Klux Klan, the Scottsboro case, and the bank holiday are the major events reinterpreted in terms of the town of Florence, Alabama. Add to these a seduction (arranged with a clockwork irony to contrast with the accusation of the Scottsboro boys), a bomb throwing, and a near shot-gun wedding, and you begin to get a rudimentary idea of Mr. Stribling's scope. All this more or less obscures the principal theme, the commercialization of religion, which has its own set of symbols.

Perhaps it seems unfair to digest all the melodrama of a 380-page novel into one paragraph. But Mr. Stribling has digested all the melodrama of ten years into one 380-page novel. A reader unfamiliar with the South will get about as good an idea of the region from "Unfinished Cathedral" and its innumerable counterparts as the European gets of America from newspaper reports of gang warfare. None of this is to say that Mr. Stribling does not understand the South intimately, in many of its most characteristic manifestations. It is only that his presentation betrays his understanding. When the author forgets that he is the anointed prophet of Mason and Dixon, he has a real narrative facility, and a talent for realistic caricature of people which is like Sinclair Lewis's without the humor. The absence of humor is significant, for it explains the absence of proportion. The characters are at the mercy of action motivated to suit the design; the younger ones particularly get flattened out by the weight of the symbolic devices, which grow heavier as the story becomes more modern.

That is why "Unfinished Cathedral" is a disappointing conclusion to "The Forge" and "The Store." But an inevitable conclusion, for the previous novels of the trilogy used the same devices, the difference being in degree, and in the easier digestibility of the past. "Unfinished Cathedral" is a good rousing story, and only its own pretensions make it necessary to add that its significance remains potential.

Wells the Fantasiast

(*Continued from first page*)

Wells observes that earlier stories of the type had had to resort to magic, which the later Victorians could hardly swallow; he merely substituted "an ingenious use of scientific patter"; it was only "the fetish stuff brought up to date and made as near actual theory as possible." But "as soon as the magic trick had been done, the whole business of the fantasy writer is to keep everything else human and real." As was done superlatively, of course, in "The War of the Worlds." But it was apparently Swift's example that inspired Wells to make the fantasy a social criticism at the same time. Even "The Time Machine" was critical, "a glimpse of the future that ran counter to the placid assumption of that time that Evolution was a pro-human force making things better and better for mankind"; and "The War of the Worlds" was "another assault on human self-satisfaction." "The Island of Dr. Moreau," in its creator's eyes, is "an exercise in youthful blasphemy"; "The First Men in the Moon" burlesques the effects of specialization; and "The Food of the Gods," surprisingly enough, is "a fantasia on the change of scale in human affairs." It may be that too, but surely the man who wrote it must know that it is one of the most powerful parables on the spread of an idea that ever was set down in print.

But it seems that Mr. Wells is through with fantasies, and partly because of the stupidity of reviewers, who did not like "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" and "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" as much as their author does. "People are simply warned that there are ideas in my books and advised not to read them. It is no good my saying that they are quite as easy to read as the earlier ones and much more timely." No, Mr. Wells, it certainly is not; cash customers and even reviewers are God's creatures, however lowly, and have a right to say, "We are not amused." But, says the disgruntled author, "it becomes a bore doing imaginative books that do not touch imaginations; I think I am better employed now nearer reality." Well, no one can lack respect for Wells the evangelist. For forty years he has been shouting at the top of his voice, incredible Niagaras of words and mostly pretty good words; preaching a gospel which, whatever faults it (and its apostle) may have in detail, is certainly in general outline what the human race needs; and the end of that forty years finds the world considerably worse off than when Wells began, with a strong probability of worse yet to come. Despite which he insists on pouring forth the sincere milk of the Word, even to a world all too full of stupid reviewers.

As a preacher Wells is worth far more than Tolstoy, and the artist in him that the preacher has all but killed is of less stature than the artist that Tolstoy smothered. Yet some of us stubbornly prefer the artist even in Wells. The worthy evangelist seems to have shouted in vain, though no doubt some of his seed fell on good ground. But there was in his earlier books, perhaps most notably in "The War of the Worlds," something that will still be valuable to men when his sermons are gathering dust along with Chrysostom's; something that has no relation to merit or good intentions, but is the gift of God, awarded indiscriminately—however sparingly—to the just and to the unjust. Let us give the evangelist the respect that is his due, and go back to read the novelist and the fantasiast.

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Money to the Fore

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

THE mere fact that so many books on the subject of money have been appearing in the last year or two is indicative of one of the great changes that have taken place in the atmosphere of economic thought since the time when the classical English political economy was at the height of its prestige. A leading purpose of economic didactics in those days was to put money in its proper place—to dethrone it from the commanding position it held in the mind of the man in the street. Adam Smith and his successors had overthrown the "mercantilism" which made money almost synonymous with wealth; but what had been killed among the elect stubbornly persisted among the vulgar, and had to be slain again and again for their benefit. From the inferior place into which it was then thrust, the role of money later rose into a position of great prominence, especially in connection with the subject of the business cycle; and the great crash of 1929 has had the effect of making the nature and function of money the foremost of all topics of economic discussion.

To another change in the atmosphere of economic thought—the decline of laissez faire—present-day monetary discussions bear striking testimony. The terrific maladjustments that have actually taken place have so discredited the maxim of laissez faire that there are now none so poor to do it reverence. And yet it should not be forgotten that the maxim, as understood by economists of any weight, was a maxim of good common sense, and not an authoritarian dogma. It did not say that *everything* must be let alone. It said that many economic maladjustments are of such a nature that they tend to be remedied by the operation of normal economic forces, and that any artificial interference with these forces may do more harm than good. We are constantly being told that laissez faire is dead; but many of those who rejoice at its burial fall into two errors on the subject. The thing they bury was not what they imagine it was; and they set up in its place something far less justifiable than what they bury. For they seem to think that because we discard the doctrine that everything should be let alone we must accept the doctrine that nothing should be let alone; that because we cease to trust completely to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* we must throw it overboard altogether and, whatever the disease may be, try one drug after another rather than let nature take its course.

But there is one characteristic of the writings of the great nineteenth century economists which has not lost caste, and which is manifested without impairment in the best of the current books on money. It was said by one of those Victorian economists that the greatest benefit which the study of political economy conferred was not the inculcation of any particular set of doctrines, but the formation of a habit of mind; whoever had undergone that discipline would confront any economic problem, however novel, with a true realization of the kind of thought required for its consideration. And even today, despite the crucial urgency of the problems that beset us, I think it may still be maintained that the most vital service which writers of economic books can render to the public is that of helping to establish sound habits of thought and to maintain high standards of argumentation. For a deplorable laxity of thought is still habitual to most persons who discuss economic questions, and is sometimes exhibited even by very superior persons.

A book[1] entitled "The Money Muddle" would hardly be expected to bear on its title-page, as its keynote, the sentence, "Our basic trouble is not a money trouble." The title indicates grave concern over our monetary confusion; the keynote sentence has somewhat the look of a protest against such concern. In point of fact, however, there is no discord between the two things; the title and the keynote, taken together, indicate a combination of vigor and moderation which is characteristic of the whole book. Mr. Warburg takes as grave a view of monetary evils as his title implies; but he stands out staunchly against the notion that those evils were the root cause of the economic convulsion through which we have been living.

In this stand, he is of course by no means singular; indeed, since competent economists are, with few exceptions, of the same opinion, it might be thought that there was little occasion for emphatic declaration of it. But it happens that, though the exceptions—Warren, Fisher, etc.—are few, they are, or at least have been, of great importance in their influence on public opinion and on governmental action. Along with the notion that all our trouble comes from monetary disease naturally goes the belief that the cure for all our trouble is to be found in monetary medicine; and it is this belief that accounts for the enormous popularity of inflationary proposals of all kinds in times of distress —Bryanism forty years ago, greenbackism twenty years before that.

In the early chapters of his book, Mr. Warburg sets forth, in remarkably attractive form, for the benefit of quite uninstructed readers, the elementary facts and principles of money and banking. This is done not so much for its own sake as for the sake of clearing the way for "the story of what we have done since March 4, 1933, why we have done it, and where it leaves us at the present time," and for his own recommendations of what needs to be done to put our monetary and banking system in order. As to the monetary system, he thinks it imperative that uncertainty and international disturbance should be removed as soon as possible by an international understanding establishing a gold bullion standard; among his banking recommendations are included the permission of branch banking "to a reasonable extent" and the raising of the minimum capital requirement for a bank "from the present ridiculous figure of $50,000 to let us say $500,000."

But what gives the book a unique interest and value is the racy, vivid, dramatic character of the story Mr. Warburg tells. Of this story the high point is the collapse of the London Conference; Mr. Warburg was financial adviser to our delegation there, and as we read his book we feel as though we were there with him, and pass through all the stages of hope and suspense, and finally the tragic disappointment which Mr. Roosevelt's amazing change of front brought about. But this is only one incident in the story; the whole record of Mr. Roosevelt's *annus mirabilis,* in its relation to the money question, is presented in lively fashion, with keen but not unkindly criticism, and in a manner that is as instructive as it is interesting.

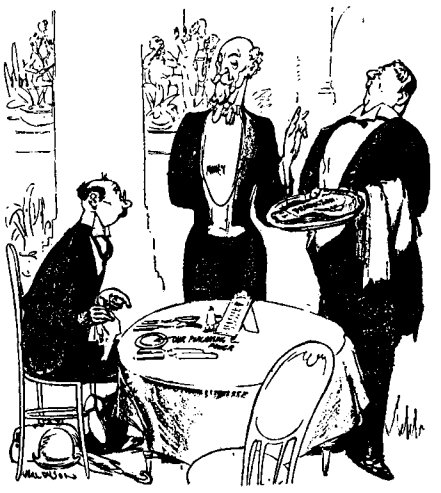
In another book[2], Mr. Vanderlip states, in extremely clear and energetic fashion, his views of what has been wrong with our money system, and of what must be done to set it right. In his eagerness for dramatic emphasis he sometimes uses language that overshoots the mark he himself is aiming at, and which the reader therefore has to interpret as meaning less than it says on its face. Thus, when he tells us that "developments growing out of the War outmoded the gold standard as completely as trench warfare outmoded cavalry," we are hardly prepared to find that he advocates not the abandonment of the gold standard, but its preservation in the form of a bullion standard instead of a coin standard.

In surveying the past, Mr. Vanderlip's chief stress is upon the unworkability, under modern conditions, of unlimited "gold liquidity." So long as the movement of gold from one nation to another took place only so far as it was required for the settlement of balances in current trade, no nation was in danger of such loss of gold as would disturb the maintenance of its own gold-standard system; but when vast quantities of gold are demanded for the effecting of international movements of capital, the fulfilment of these demands may be incompatible with the maintenance of a nation's needed stock of gold. We must therefore set up "a modernized gold standard, under which paper money can be redeemed in gold *only* for the purpose of settling international foreign trade balances." Under this plan, gold coins will go out of use altogether; the gold given in redemption of paper money will be in the form of large bars; but this redemption will be made "freely at all times, provided the gold is wanted for the settlement of a legitimate foreign-trade balance and for no other purpose."

The brief chapter devoted to the bullion standard appears under the heading "Practical Cures I," and the following chapter, entitled "Practical Cures II," opens with the remark that "the innovations suggested in the preceding chapter are really not novel," but "are rather the permanent establishment of already existing temporary measures" which have been "successfully tested in the practice of foreign central banks and governments." Quite the opposite is the case with the proposal explained and advocated under "Practical Cures II," namely, the establishment of a "Federal Monetary Authority." This Authority would have complete power to manage the currency. It would be required to endeavor "to restore and maintain the purchasing power of the dollar," but would not be bound by any rule. When we add that Mr. Vanderlip conceives the Federal Monetary Authority as "a controlling force over the whole new commercial banking system," and as playing a most important part "in coördinating and manipulating credit," it will be seen that this turning over of our monetary system to the mercies of political management involves possibilities of great mischief. Mr. Vanderlip gives reasons for his own conviction that the peril is practically not serious; but it cannot be said that the reasons are calculated to convey conviction to others.

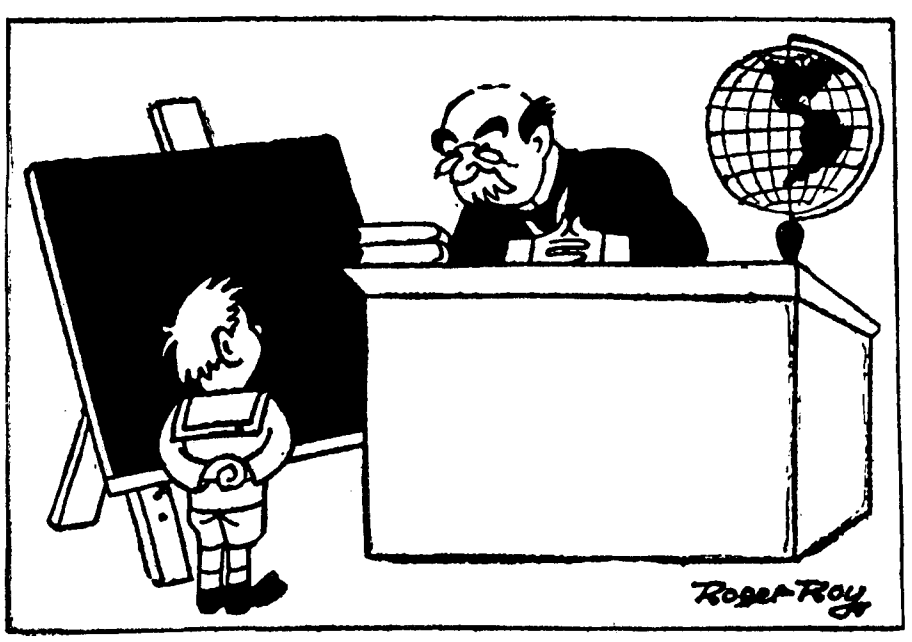
In a book addressed to the non-professional public, an economist may be assumed to have in mind four objects: dissemination of facts, exposition of fundamental theories, inculcation of sound ways of thinking, and statement of practical conclusions. Viewed from this standpoint, by far the most valuable of the books here under notice is that[1] of the nine Oxford economists, with G. D. H. Cole at their head. For in this book every one of these four objects is pursued with extraordinary skill, and with a thoroughness hardly to be expected in a book intended for the general reader. Indeed, in several of its twelve chapters, the thoroughness of the discussion might be objected to as inconsistent with the title, "What Everybody Wants to Know about Money"; many of the complexities dealt with in the book require for their understanding such intense mental effort as only a select few are both able and willing to devote to them. But these difficulties, in so far as they exist, exist not because of any pedantry or obscurity in the treatment, or any obtrusion of unessential details, but in spite of exemplary clearness in the presentation, and admirable judgment in the selection of subject matter. And in most of the chapters, and especially in the four written by Mr. Cole himself, the reader will find nothing that presents the sort of difficulty I have been referring to. He will find himself becoming acquainted with phase after phase of the monetary system, with the bearing of its peculiarities upon the larger issues of economic life, with the problems that arise out of its imperfections, with the merits of various proposals for its improvement, etc.

In this brief survey of three books, I have merely endeavored to characterize them, and have attempted nothing in the way of critical discussion. But a parting word concerning a certain type of criticism frequently met with nowadays in reviews of books on money seems desirable. John Strachey's able and interesting review of the Oxford money book, in a recent issue of this journal, may serve to indicate what I have in mind. Mr. Strachey complains that G. D. H. Cole and his associates give no clear answer to the question "whether it is the defective functioning of money that is upsetting capitalism or whether, on the contrary, there are inherent defects in capitalism itself which are upsetting the functioning of money"; and he pronounces failure to answer this question inexcusable in a book proceeding from so high a source. His criticism might also be applied to Mr. Warburg's book. But Mr. Cole does state very plainly his own opinion that a permanent cure of the money trouble is impossible under a system based on private ownership and the incentive of private profit; only he does not place this opinion upon the same footing as his analysis of the various possibilities of monetary action while the economic order remains what it is. In a book professing to treat the whole subject of capitalism and socialism, the restraint shown by Mr. Cole would be a defect; in a book devoted to the discussion of monetary theory and practice it is distinctly a merit.



"I say, you know, my plate is too small for my chop."
"No trouble, sir, our motto is Service—waiter, give the gentleman a smaller chop!"

Drawing by Will Dyson, from "Artist Among the Bankers."



"NAME ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL RESOURCES OF AMERICA."
"INFLATION." *From* L'Oeuvre, *Paris.*

[1] *THE MONEY MUDDLE. By James P. Warburg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.*
[2] *TOMORROW'S MONEY. By Frank Arthur Vanderlip. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $2.*
[3] *WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY. By Nine Economists from Oxford. Planned and edited by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.*

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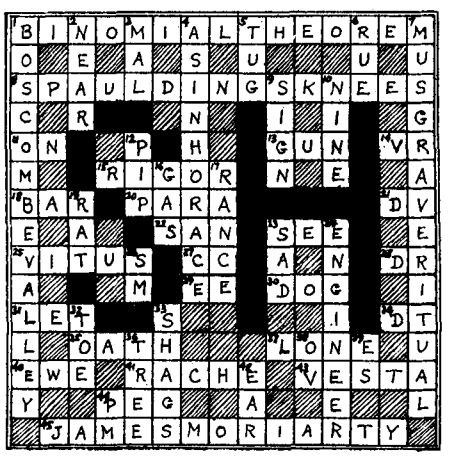
The BOWLING GREEN

Granules From An Hour-Glass

THERE are many pleasures waiting for the reader of Edith Wharton's volume of reminiscences, *A Backward Glance*. I was prejudiced in favor of Mrs. Wharton's delightful book from the very start, for I noticed that in her brief preface she quoted Madame Swetchine, an admirable writer of whom one rarely hears. I encountered Mme. Swetchine's *Letters* years ago, doing some college reading in the history of the French Republic of '48, and I always experience a special pleasure in meeting anyone who has even heard of her. She (I refer still to Mme. Swetchine) is one of those felicitously unfamous writers who have been divinely shielded from being read by the wrong people.—Incidentally Mrs. Wharton's parents, during a trip to Europe in their early married days, saw the flight of old Louis Philippe across the Tuileries gardens.

And Edith Wharton herself—how easily she might never have been a writer at all. She was reared under handicap, as a member of the dress circle of New York's provincial and complacent little bourgeoisie sixty years ago. I had always been a trifle alarmed by repeated allusions in print to Mrs. Wharton's background of social azure, so it was a relief to learn that it was nothing more serious than the Rhinelanders and Joneses (of West 23rd Street and Hell Gate). For one has never been able to be wholly solemn about the tradition of New York "society" unless by that term you mean such people as Irving, Bryant, Whitman, Melville, Poe. And, as Mrs. Wharton points out with most urbane humor, bohemians like those were scarcely recognized in the fashionable world of her youth. The worthies of that time, who were proud of not being in retail trade, all had "libraries" of calf-bound books regarded as "standard," but would be painfully agitated if called upon to meet an actual author. This, Mrs. Wharton very shrewdly suggests, was not from any sense of snobbish superiority, but rather a genuine shyness or embarrassment—"an awe-struck dread of the intellectual effort that might be required." And what has been so much and so foolishly hallooed as New York "society" was probably only a swath of kind, simple, innocent and rather self-indulgent people; intensely timid and conventional at heart. If one pauses to reflect upon the dullness, architectural misery, parochial naiveté and self-satisfaction of New York in the 70's and 80's one must realize that our bewildering and pinnacled uncertainty of today has its merits.

I didn't mean to get into argument; merely to say that Mrs. Wharton, with extraordinary patience and courage, overcame the most serious obstacles; obstacles perhaps more deadening to the soul than poverty or mean birth. The happy accident of living abroad several years as a child gave her a valuable disgust for the banality of New York's architecture; the somewhat prudish Anglophilia of her parents implanted a sensitive gust for English undefiled. In the American children's books of the day, her mother said, the children spoke bad English *without the author's knowing it.* (Which was perfectly true; it is not until much later that one learns bad English has its uses too.)



I can scarcely imagine the youngest generation, hotfoot upon its own desperations, taking time to read Mrs. Wharton's very wise and moving book; yet it might start some interesting thoughts if they did. Among many charming things her glimpses of Henry James are particularly interesting. We see Mrs. Wharton as a young person, putting on a new hat and a pretty dress to meet the great Henry, but so appalled by her shyness that she could not speak—and the new hat was not even noticed. We see James suffering grotesquely from a heat wave in Lenox and finding his only relief in constant motoring: how one would have loved to see that party pausing in roadside shade to read Swinburne aloud while Mr. James perspired. We hear James talking about "the Emmetry" (so he called "his vast and labyrinthine cousinship") and in lengthy soliloquy bringing them alive to a group of hearers on a summer evening. "They glimmered at us," Mrs. Wharton says, "through a series of disconnected ejaculations, epithets, allusions, parenthetical rectifications and restatements . . . and then, suddenly, by some miracle of shifted lights and accumulated strokes, there they stood before us, sharp as an Ingres, dense as a Rembrandt."—Or James at Lamb House in Rye, welcoming his visitors at the front door; James's firm and risible belief that he knew best how to direct the chauffeur to find the destination yet always missing the way—and only succeeding to confuse the yokel whom he asked for direction. This is surely of excellent symbolic purport. James, under the stroke that killed him, in the very act of falling hearing a voice that seemed to say, "So here it is at last, the distinguished thing." Always terrified of death (and of much of living too) yet he could meet it with his own absolute word. There is a very distinguished thing to be found and honored in Mrs. Wharton's book, I hope many will discover it.

Her descriptions of James's conversation—and humor—are exquisitely happy. Peter Dunne, she tells us, was perturbed by the Jacobite circumlocutions, and felt like saying "Just spit it right up in Poppa's hand," but—

> to James's intimates these elaborate hesitancies, far from being an obstacle, were like a cobweb bridge flung from his mind to theirs, an invisible passage over which one knew that silver-footed ironies, veiled jokes, tiptoed malices, were stealing to explode a huge laugh at one's feet. This moment of suspense, in which there was time to watch the forces of malice and merriment assembling over the mobile landscape of his face, was perhaps the rarest of all in the unique experience of a talk with Henry James.

And surely I shall long remember her description of James sitting by the moat at Bodiam Castle, watching the reflection of the towers and the hovering dragonflies. "For a long time no one spoke; then James turned to me and said solemnly: 'Summer afternoon—summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language.'"

FROM A PRINT BY HOKUSAI

Of another struggler with the English language there was unexpected echo the other day. At the dedication of the Memorial Library in honor of Joseph Conrad, at the Seamen's Institute in New York, I had the good fortune to meet Jean Louis d'Esque who was carpenter in the *Torrens* during Conrad's last days of command. Mr. d'Esque spoke, as so many have, of Conrad's unusual length of arm; and said that these long arms were the more noticeable because he wore conspicuous paper cuffs. Whenever anyone—passenger or crew—used a word unfamiliar to Conrad he swiftly noted it on his cuff, memorized it and made it his own.

In Charlie McLean's bookstore in Dayton, Ohio, a few weeks ago, I discovered some inexpensive reproductions of Japanese prints. I can't resist inserting here, however imperfectly, one by Hokusai which seemed to me irresistibly symbolic of the Book Trade crossing the Great Depression.

I print today the correct solution of the Sherlock Holmes crossword puzzle. (Bowling Green, May 19.) Up to the time of this week's issue going to press, six answers had been received which were exact in every respect. These were from:

M. S. Packard (Brooklyn); Stuart Robertson (Philadelphia); Harvey Officer (N. Y. City); Walter Klinefelter (Glen Rock, Pa.); Vincent Starrett (Chicago); Emily S. Coit (Pensacola, Fla.)

The strictly correct answer in 31 across should be *let*, but as the middle letter is unkeyed and *lit* would also be a reasonable answer, solutions offering this, and otherwise entirely letter-perfect, are acceptable and were submitted by:—

Elmer Davis (N. Y. City); Mrs. C. C. Williams (South Hamilton, Mass.); C. Warren Force (N. Y. City); Allan M. Price (N. Y. City); J. DeLancey Ferguson (Cleveland); Velma Long (Winamac, Indiana).

Solutions which were almost wholly correct, but failed in one word only, submitted by:—

Earle Walbridge (N. Y. City); Katharine A. Fellows (Cummington, Mass.); W. S. Hall (N. Y. City); Harrison L. Reinke (Lakeville, Conn.); George Lowther (N. Y. City); Laurence P. Dodge (N. Y. City); R. K. Leavitt (N. Y. City); Malcolm Johnson (Garden City, L. I.)

A number of correspondents pointed out that Mr. Tobias Gregson was in error (in the clue to 16 down) in speaking of "Mr. Chelverton Smith." They remark that it should be "Culverton Smith," and the correction seems just.

Mr. Vincent Starrett accompanied his solution with the interesting news that Constable (London) is to publish in June a volume *Baker Street Studies*, edited by Harold Bell. Mr. Starrett says: "Contributors include Dorothy Sayers, Fr. Ronald Knox, S. C. Roberts, Vernon Rendall, A. G. Macdonell, Helen Simpson, Bell himself and V. S. Knox has done a paper on *Mycroft;* I have written at considerable length on *Mrs. Hudson* and her entourage. The others deal with highly specialized matters: Miss Sayers, I believe, has settled the argument about Holmes's college career (in favor of Cambridge), and Helen Simpson has shown up poor old Watson's professional limitations."

I cannot help hoping that whoever publishes this alluring volume on this side will put on it the imprint of the Baker Street Irregulars. Mycroft's crossword puzzle would make an appropriate appendix.

☞A sign in a Broadway modiste's announces "Active and Spectator Garments" which is an ingenious dichotomy—though probably the word dichotomy should be used only for trousers. ☞Mr. H. L. Mencken, now at work on his Encyclopædia of Quotations, paused long enough to estimate the number of words he has written for print. He reckons it at ten million. ☞Our Scottish clientele are much pleased to know that Drambuie, the liqueur favored by Bonnie Prince Charlie, "a Link with the '45," is now virtuously obtainable in these parts. The recipe was brought over from France by a French companion of the Prince in 1745 and given to The Mackinnnon of Strathaird when he assisted Charlie to escape after Culloden.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Heritage of Marx

WHAT MARX REALLY MEANT. By G. D. H. Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

THIS book represents a brave attempt to break with the tradition of Marxist orthodoxy and to evaluate what is living and what is dead in the Marxian intellectual heritage. The author, following the lead of those who have been called experimental Marxists, stresses the central importance of Marx's method as distinct from any one of his specific doctrines. In a book of such compass, heavier documentation on moot points would have been advisable. Indeed such documentation is positively desirable in view of the literary practices of certain critics who accuse Marxists of reading Marx like a Bible but who, when confronted with an exposition which makes sense of Marx, read Marx like a Bible themselves and seize upon every turn of phrase and word in his writings in order to prove that what makes sense cannot have been what Marx meant.

Mr. Cole has not only liberated himself from Marxolatry but from that fetishism of terms in the Marxian tradition which makes the writings of Marxists so formula ridden and dreary. He is not at all abashed to employ the phrase "the realistic interpretation of history" instead of "the materialistic interpretation" whose misleading connotations are so notorious. He underscores the social and ethical presuppositions of the theory of value and does not hesitate to speak out in open disagreement with the founders of Marxism and even more often with the self-anointed latter-day saints. He tries to refine the conception of class and admits the ambiguity which clusters around the use of that notion in most orthodox Marxian writing.

Mr. Cole's most significant achievement in this book is to convey to his readers a healthy sense of the complexity of the data which Marxism considers in its analysis, and of the necessity of not only acknowledging the existence and reciprocal influence of non-economic factors upon the economic, but of actually attempting to investigate the conditions, forms, and consequences of that reciprocity.

The chief weakness of Mr. Cole's work is that he has approached the difficult problem of understanding the historical past too naively. The significance of the past, and of any man's work in the past, does not lie ready to hand on the calendar surface of events or in the plain meaning of texts, especially when they make neither a unified nor a consistent whole. On the other hand, there is no justified canon by which we can read any significance or any interpretation into the past merely on the ground that it appears to be plausible in the present. The real task consists in critically tracing the development of Marx's thought in relation to the practical problems of revolutionary action from 1842 on, and to the social philosophies and cultural attitudes which bore upon those problems and which he opposed. Franz Mehring has come nearest to writing such a book; the ideal book, however, is still in the limbo of the unborn.

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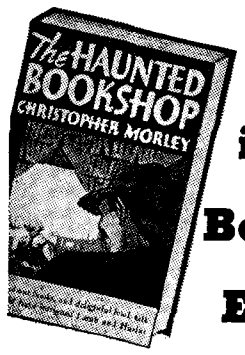

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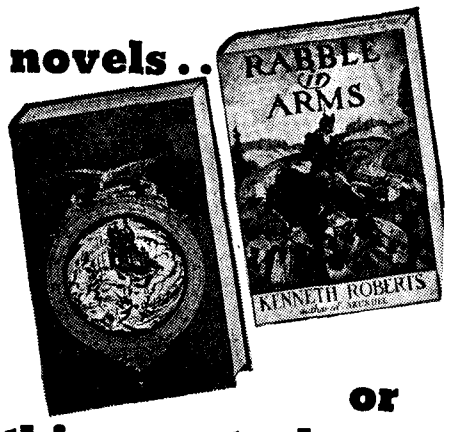

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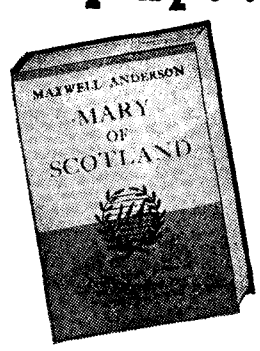

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By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

How Old Is Old?

Old Age has long fascinated that youthful octogenarian, Dr. Johnson Brigham, since '98 State Librarian of Iowa. In 1905, at the discreet age of 59, he wrote *An Old Man's Idyl*. "I was just a kid then," he chuckles now, and has embodied his mature reflections in an engaging volume, *The Youth of Old Age*, published this week. He wittily tells how to lead a long life and a happy one, quoting in support of his recipe some 300 authors, ranging from Homer to Hervey Allen. He agrees with Anacreon: "This I know, without being told, 'tis time to *live*, if I grow old." *The Youth of Old Age* is a wise and genial book, bristling with good humor and good sense: an admirable gift or armchair companion. $2.50 at your bookseller's. Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

Origins of the Gospels

THE FOUR GOSPELS: A New Translation. By Charles Cutler Torrey. New York: Harpers & Bros. $3.

Reviewed by EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

PROFESSOR TORREY, a distinguished member of the Semitic faculty at Yale, has long contended that the gospels were first written not in Greek, as we have them, but in Aramaic. He now offers a new translation of the Greek text, altered here and there as he supposes what he believes to have been the original Aramaic requires. This is followed by an extended essay on the view of gospel origins that underlies it. Notes on the verses chiefly affected conclude the book.

Of course, much that the gospels report was obviously first uttered in Aramaic, which prevailed among the Jews of Palestine in Jesus's day. But it is Dr. Torrey's contention that Matthew, Mark, and John, and the sources of Luke, were actually composed in Aramaic in Palestine, for Jewish readers, between 40 and 60 A.D., being presently translated into Greek, as the church became more and more Greek. The gospel stories, he declares, first circulated orally, and then were written down; then were recirculated orally and again written down; then out of this mass of Aramaic material, Mark was written, in Aramaic, about 40. The writer of Matthew, a little later, had for his work Mark and its sources. John was a Jerusalem gospel, written about 60, by a man who probably knew both Mark and Matthew, certainly the sources of both. Luke seems to have written his gospel in Greek, or rather to have translated it from certain Hebrew and Aramaic documents that he assembled.

As the Christian movement became more and more Greek, the three Aramaic gospels were translated into that tongue, but all four were equally translations, according to Professor Torrey. "It makes no difference which evangelist is translating," but, "John wrote his Greek with more freedom than Mark or Luke."

The origin of the Greek forms of the gospels is a matter of some interest, but here Professor Torrey is a little vague. The translator of Matthew had the Greek Mark before him, and Luke (in 60) had the Greek Mark and the Greek Matthew before him. Each generally followed the Greek wording of his predecessor. Dr. Torrey is clearly leaving nothing to chance. In general, each evangelist has all his predecessors and all their sources, and each translator has the previously translated gospels to guide him. This ought to cover every possible resemblance. But the differences of course become all the more difficult.

The fundamental fault with this whole extremely intricate scheme is that it is postulated in a vacuum: the supposed book writing public of first century Palestine. How many writers this theory postulates! The writers of the first stratum reports, the writers of the second stratum reports, the writers of the gospels. But when called upon to name the Aramaic documents of this period with which he claims to compare New Testament idiom, Professor Torrey wanders as far as the fifth century B.C. for parallels. This is like resorting to Wyclif for present-day English usage. He speaks easily of fifth, fourth, and second century materials as of "the same period"; so little do five or six centuries of change matter to his method. He also talks loosely of the Aramaic originals of certain Septuagint books, as though he actually had those originals before him for comparison. But of course he has not, but only Greek translations of them, from which he conjectures the Aramaic idiom of the lost originals. These desperate expedients are resorted to because there is no contemporary Aramaic literature with which to compare first century gospels. But modern translations of the New Testament are based upon Greek manuscripts actually extant, dating from the third and fourth centuries, and accessible to students everywhere. They have nothing in common with Dr. Torrey's visionary version.

Dr. Torrey's Aramaic gospels in short do not exist. The contemporary Aramaic documents from which he seeks to derive their supposed style do not exist. But Greek papyri do exist in great numbers from the very decades which witnessed the writing of the gospels, and the colloquial usage of these absolutely authentic and dated originals parallels to a surprising degree the phraseology of the gospels. The bearing of this fact is obvious.

Dr. Torrey has no concern with the specific genius of the individual gospels; they sound very much alike to him. He seems to miss the individual meaning of each. Even the strongly dialogue character of John is unreflected in his version. The supposed mistranslations of supposed Aramaic originals are much less troublesome to competent Greek students than he can realize. His nonsensical or incredible readings, as he calls them, are too often not from the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, but from the English Revised Version of 1881. It is that translation, rather than the Greek text, that has confused Professor Torrey, a fact that tells its own story.

No, the Aramaic circles in which Christianity began were not given to writing books. Three great Jews wrote in the first century, Philo, Paul, Josephus; and they wrote in Greek! And the New Testament is the literary precipitate deposited by the Christian movement when it impinged upon the Greek world.

Edgar A. Goodspeed, a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, is one of the best known authorities on the Bible in this country, and the author of a translation of the Scriptures into modern style.

A Lance for the King

OLD ROWLEY: A Private Life of Charles II. By Dennis Wheatley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by J. B. MCCULLOCH

THAT so much biographical writing has recently been bestowed upon King Charles the Second need not surprise us. Once the infallibility of Whig criticism was challenged, once the representation of Charles as a fleshless symbol for irresponsible autocracy was disallowed, another portrait emerged in its place, of a rich and subtle personality. Both Charles and the Restoration England over which he ruled yield themselves gracefully to study.

The latest writer to splinter a lance for his King is the young novelist, Mr. Dennis Wheatley, whose "Old Rowley" is a brief and tidily written introductory sketch, frankly designed to stimulate our curiosity rather than to satisfy it. Mr. Wheatley's political bias is evident from the disdain with which he refers to Parliament as a "House of Talkers," and the relish with which he quotes the King—"Better one master than five hundred."

Mr. Wheatley's book is not as prudently critical as Mr. David Loth's, nor does it approach for descriptive power the magnificent artistry of Mr. Arthur Bryant's "Charles II," which, spicily redolent of the age, will doubtless remain the best single volume work on Charles and his England.

Balancing Personality

RECREATING ONESELF. By Gerald Stanley Lee. Northampton, Mass: The Coördination Guild. $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD A. LAIRD

SHELLACKED to the wall of my sunroom, the better to brighten the spirit as well as the eyes, is a letter from a distressed soul in bleak Nova Scotia. What is the nature of all things, he enquired? Is life worth living? Why isn't the savage troubled with a complaint widespread among human bowels? And, later, where can he obtain work at a high salary with little exertion?

A puzzler to answer at the time of its receipt, I now know how to straighten out his many-sided troublings—he should read "Recreating Oneself." This will likely give him the grip he needs on a wavering reality, if any book can give it. If reality were not already tottering for him, I fear the book might, contrariwise, make some of life's foundation appear to be propped up by sponge rubber. But I am confident my Nova Scotian friend would understand and probably profit for a time.

In swift-flowing, effortless style, Mr. Lee dramatizes the merits of effortless work in overcoming gravity through muscular rhythm and balance acquired by carrying an orange on one's head. Backward persons may need the orange in the actual pulpy sphere, but those with advanced control should be able to carry merely the spirit of the orange, like a seal with an ectoplasmic rubber ball.

The restraints of the germ-plasm and the gnawings of the neurasthenic, personal experience and observations convince him, can be set at near zero when the floating exercises—all with that orange poised above the central commissure—have been mastered, mastered in spirit as well as in crass mechanical detail. Thus does self-control unseat genetics by applying the methods of Spencerian penmanship to the whole man, body and soul.

There is a hypnotic-like fascination in Mr. Lee's enthusiastic weaving of words and homely example that can both convince and mislead, as though a Bernarr McFadden had become smooth-tongued, or a Mary Eddy had turned chiropractor.

Like Bobby Jones's advice to the duffer, however, it may actually work, although we know not why. In the work of the Gilbreths, Edmund Jacobsen, G. T. W. Patrick, and neuropsychiatry he might have found a substantial basis for organizing his experience. The critical reader should do this, there may be too much meat in the book to be discarded.

The old challenge

LEARN TO WRITE!

IT may sound bromidic to many of you, but Dorothea Brande has freshened it up this season in a little book which has been slipping out of our office at the rate of 250 a week (exhausting the first printing sans ballyhoo); and bringing into the files such astonishing comments as these:

"Positively the best book for a beginning writer I have ever come across.—*William Rose Benét, Saturday Review.*

"The first adequate book on the subject I have seen. It is a valuable manual for practicing as well as 'yearning' writers."—*William Soskin, N. Y. American.*

"Some of the best advice I have read. . . . It fits the new, independent attitude toward writing, and it offers the young writer a practical discipline."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram.*

"It is difficult not to become over-enthusiastic about Mrs. Brande's book, difficult to resist the temptation to recommend it indiscriminately for learners of any and every sort, and not just those who wish to write. . . . If there is good writing in you, this book will bring it out."—*Janet Rankin Aiken.*

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Social Revolt in the United States

REBEL AMERICA: The Story of Social Revolt in the United States. By Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

IN the foreword to this book the authors explain that they use the term "social revolt" to "describe primarily the activities of those groups which have aimed at the complete transformation—by whatever means—of the whole social order." This amounts, really, to announcing that the book will belie its title, as it does. It is not even an informal history of social revolt in the United States; it is a history of selected aspects of social revolt, and by no means always the most significant aspects. By the same logic, one might publish a book on the tribal customs of the American Indians as "an informal history of American culture," and get away with it by explaining in the preface that if one had included European contributions one might have found oneself writing a mere history of the American people.

The "somewhat arbitrary limitation of subject-matter" in which the authors "necessarily" indulge themselves enables them, in one paragraph, to dismiss the pre-Revolutionary rebellions of agrarians, artisans, and small shopkeepers against the "rich and well-born," hurdle clean over the Revolution itself, dispose of Shay's rebellion, and ignore the egalitarian agitation of the post-Revolutionary period, in order to begin their "history" with those experimental Utopian communities of the middle nineteenth century which were chiefly notable for their absurd dissociation from the turbulent realities of American life. This is leaping through history in seven-league boots and blinders. And while (to paraphrase Matthew Arnold) that sort of thing may be good enough for Miss Symes and Mr. Clement, it really is not good enough for history.

What is social revolt? It is the struggle of less privileged classes in society against the more privileged, with the object of improving their own condition. It is not necessarily, or even usually, aimed at "the complete reconstruction of society upon an entirely new model" (although your revolutionary is pretty likely to believe that the triumph of his cause will have that effect). And social revolution, properly defined, is a transfer of power from one class to another. The authors know this; had they written accordingly, their book would have been infinitely more useful and enjoyable, even had it turned out to be at the same time "a history of the American people."

As it is, it often gives an impression of aridity, especially in the first section, on the Utopians. The period covered in this section was one of the most revolutionary in American history, for the Southern slave-owners, the Northern capitalists, and the Western farmers and speculators were engaged in the bitter three-cornered fight for control of the Republic which ended in the second American Revolution and the triumph of capitalism. But in these pages one hardly hears the thunder of the Jacksonian democracy at the gates of Washington; one hears nothing of the momentous struggles between the two agrarian economies in the new territories of the West; and as for the revolutionary role of the Republican party, that is quite overlooked. Nor do the authors appear entirely to understand the revolutionary significance of the Abolitionists.

Of those phases of social revolt to which they confine their attention—"the story of our social revolutionaries and of those allied movements of protest with which their activities have, at various times, overlapped"—they write interestingly and often amusingly. They show why our social revolutionaries were originally and have in large numbers continued to be, as foreign as the revolutionary doctrines to which they subscribed. The frontier "tended to deplete the labor movement of its most aggressive elements and to create a new army of small independent landowners." Thanks to its influence, and to a rapid development of industry and commerce which improved the condition of the working class (though by no means so fast as it increased the rewards of ownership), and thanks also to the comparative lack of caste-barriers, America was behind Europe in radical thought and action. The almost exclusively middle-class character of important movements of protest in this country has been due to these influences, and so, largely, have been the repeated failures of the socialist and communist parties to gain control of the labor movement. Organized labor in the United States has been more middle-class than proletarian in psychology.

The militant aspects of the labor movement have been better handled by other writers—for example by Louis Adamic, to whose "Dynamite" this book owes an obvious debt. But Miss Symes and Mr. Clement do a good and readable job of the beginnings and vicissitudes of socialism and anarchism; of the "Dissenters' Golden Age" just before the war; of the war's disastrous effect on the radical movement, and the even more disastrous effect of the boom years before 1929; of the repercussions in America of the Bolshevik Revolution; of the internecine struggles of American communism; and of the middle-class disaffection which ushered in the "New Deal." If the events and movements they describe often seem out of correct proportion, that is because of the deliberate narrowness of their view. They are capable of writing a genuine history of social revolt in this country; one wishes they would undertake it.

Suzanne La Follette was editor of The New Freeman, *and at one time a contributing editor of* The Nation.

Life in the Bush

NO ONE TO BLAME. By Margaret Carson Hubbard. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

THIS is a book that will be eagerly read by all who have pioneered in Rhodesia or in any of the tropical territories of Africa. Mrs. Hubbard has not only truthfully and skilfully portrayed life in the Rhodesian hinterland, but she has written about it in a delightful manner. Those who enjoy travel literature will find in her book a veritable storehouse of entertainment and an accurate picture of life in the bush.

Mrs. Hubbard came to Northern Rhodesia from Canada and took up the threads of existence in a land that might well be on another planet. Her husband, who was engaged in securing animals for zoos and later in the taking of motion pictures, was frequently away from their home in the veld for weeks at a time and during these periods Mrs. Hubbard had the worries and responsibilities of her two small boys, one of whom was born in the veld, and also of a large retinue of native servants. Malaria, dysentery, predatory animals, white ants, and native troubles,—Mrs. Hubbard took them all in her stride.

"No One to Blame" has been carefully written and contains few of the errors that so characterize books of this nature. Although in one place Mrs. Hubbard says that the party was in the Zambesi valley, only eight degrees south of the equator (an impossibility as the Zambesi flows southeast from a point about eleven degrees below the equator), the book is notable in that there are none of the foolish statements which mar many of the modern African books that are written sensationally or with an eye to publicity. It is probably the best recent African book of its type.

Julian Feiss, a geologist and engineer, has spent much time in the part of Africa described by Mrs. Hubbard.

ERRATUM

By a regrettable error in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* Kent Roberts Greenfield's study of the Risorgimento, published by the Johns Hopkins Press, was listed under "Latest Books Received" as "Economics and Liberalism" instead of under its correct title, "Economics and Liberalism in the Risorgimento."

THE IMPACT OF AMERICA IS IN THIS NOVEL

★

The first twelve chapters of this book are by all odds the most crowded twenty-four hours in modern fiction. Reading them, you feel something of the incredible drama staring out from our daily newspapers.

But as you read beyond—and you cannot stop—you begin to realize that here is something deeper, more reflective; that here, in the lives of the kind of men and women whom we all personally know, is the pattern of life as it is in the United States today—that pattern complete with all its emotional violence and its strange contradictions.

Yet that is not all. Here, too, is the expression of that unspoken thing we have all been wanting; perhaps it's something spiritual to tie to, at least it is an understanding, certainly a chance to get our feet firmly on the ground for an instant in the stirring march of our times.

For here is the destiny of man in turbulent modern America. In particular it is the story of Colonel Vaiden in the days of his power—how he stole the cotton to get his start, and how in the end his unfinished cathedral was no sanctuary for him, nor for his memory.

There are many stirring scenes such as that one where a voice cries out suddenly over the mob, "Hush, hush, everybody! They're goin' to open this heah lynchin' with prayer!"

★

Of these we might tell you more; but we have no intention of sensationalizing the novel. For to us, it is the sort of book that justifies the historic trade of publishing; and to you, it will be an experience that only a book can give you.

With complete honesty, we urge you to read—

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It may be too outlandish for some of you. If, occasionally, it does bring a blush to your cheek, we apologize and ask your forgiveness.

It's the most pleasant bit of publishing we have almost ever experienced.

STRIPLINGS

By N. Warner Hooke

DUTTON • • • • • • $2.50

—read what this Book-seller has to say:—

Dear Mr. Macrae:

I took home "Striplings" last night together with a few other miscellaneous titles, intending to scan them rather casually and with no idea in mind that any of them could be of any account.

With some misgivings I picked "Striplings" out of the lot. And was I surprised! I got a chuckle on page 12, a loud laugh on page 56 and a constant stream of guffaws from then on. And the little injections of adolescent pathos bring you up sharply while in the midst of a snicker.

There have been many attempts to recover, in recent novels, the peculiar quality of the famous "Constant Nymph." Shades of Helen's Babies! If this priceless pair is not the 1934 version of these outrageous kids, what are they?

I don't predict often, but if you can get booksellers to read "Striplings," you should get a 50,000 sale. It is easily the first "natural" that has been thrown in the bookseller's lap since "One More Spring," and believe me, all our readers of that book are going to get "Striplings"!!!

Cordially yours,

(signed) G. R. Turner

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DUTTON

Scientific Eating

HAY DIETING. By Josephine Boyer and Katherine Cowdin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

WHY DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME? By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

HERE are two books which despite the fact that they are equally and primarily concerned with the tantalizing subject of food, represent differences of temperament as wide as are the differences between Béchamel sauce and the ordinary "white" variety of the American dinner. The first, if you are of those whose gustatory imagination has been heightened by long reading of cookbooks, will leave you smacking your lips in sensuous anticipation; the second, especially if you are nearing or past fifty, will cause you to gird your loins to fight anew those betraying taste-buds whose pernicious cultivation according to Dr. Williams has been the most destructive of all civilization's gifts. Read them together and you are plunged into the old controversy between the sybarites and the ascetics.

Of Dr. Hay's researches in food chemistry, this reviewer must confess to knowing nothing. His theory that the source of all physical well-being lies in the mere keeping of the proteins and carbohydrates as cleanly separated as were the Biblical sheep and goats, in a diet where fruit and vegetables predominate, has all the allure of painless dentistry. And if experience, and a little knowledge of organs other than those of digestion, render us skeptical, such cynicism in no wise invalidates the delight in this ingenious cookbook compiled by two of his disciples. If this be dieting, by all means let us have more of it! Rarely will one find more tempting menus; rarely so many delectable and out-of-the-ordinary recipes. Let not the title, you unbelievers, inhibit you. The chapter on Sunday night suppers will be found invaluable to those who, like this reviewer, regard these informal repasts as the supremely pleasant meals of the week. Indeed no food contingency has been overlooked. Do you plan a trip in your private airplane? On page 313 you are told what to take and warned to provide yourself with your favorite chewing-gum. The suggestion that like most short cuts to health, Dr. Hay's is designed for fortune's favorites, is likewise borne out by the more than liberal use of butter, cream, wines, raisin-juice, etc. But that this is no depression cookbook, is all in its favor. We have plenty of the thrifty type in our cupboards. Only when one reads the advice to the over-fat does one pause. A gentle warning is offered; a page of menus for reducing if you must. Yet we detect the danger of a sense of false security in the opening sentence of that chapter. "Try to follow these rules and you will lose pounds." No, our advice to the fat and forty is to leave this cookbook alone! Instead we recommend that they buy Dr. Williams's "Why Die Before Your Time?"

Dr. Williams is convinced that our span of life is determined not by our ancestral genes, but by what we put into our stomachs. He is indeed in hearty sympathy with the ancient Count Cornaro, whom he often quotes. "The food we eat does not do us so much good as that which we do not eat." It is a lean fare we are offered here, but the prize is a long life and a lively one. The book bristles with optimism for the middle-aged. "Eighty is an easy goal." "Zest in living is the *sine qua non* of the art of living long." We are offered a most encouraging list of geniuses who have far outlived their normal expectancy, and, best of all, despite Dr. Osler, have remained "creative" in their work to the last. The rules of the game sound simple enough for so great a reward. Once again comes the warning to beware the dangerous proteins, to watch scales and foodlists, to exercise according to your taste ("you can balance your health ledger as effectively by eating less as by exercising more"), to keep your brain at hard work, to eliminate worry, to have a hobby, but above all to eat less, and less. How do this, and yet eat enough, is the main purpose of the book, and somehow or other Dr. Williams makes it an inspiring purpose. The chapter on hobbies is as stirring as a trumpet call.

Yes, it is sad that one usually reaches the middle years before one stops to recognize the esthetic joys of the table; and it is indisputably true that having renonuced many a noble feast your renewed and invigorated body may be struck down by an automobile while you are munching a carrot with several years yet to go. The good doctor merely retorts "Whether the game is worth the candle is for you to decide."

A Modern Victorian

THE READER'S BROWNING: Selected Poems. Edited by Walter Graham. American Book Co. 1934. $2.25.

Reviewed by JOSEPH E. BAKER

CONTEMPORARY critics have subjected Browning to a more thorough reinterpretation than any other Victorian poet, since it has been necessary to extricate the artist from much "rubbish" of false worship. "It is doubtful whether (the Browning Societies) ever discovered his peculiar genius," declares Professor Graham, who definitely takes his stand with recent criticism and reënforces it by making use of the scholarly research of the last thirty years—though to do this he does not find it necessary "to bury Browning in footnotes." He presents Browning as one of our modern poets, reminding us that his style, realism, and individualism place him in the company of Masefield, Kipling, Hardy, Housman and Eliot, rather than with his own contemporaries Tennyson, Rossetti, Arnold, and Swinburne. Eighty of Browning's poems are included complete, plus about a hundred pages of selections from "The Ring and the Book." The volume is of convenient size, very neat and attractive in appearance, and the print is large. (Has not fine print done more to kill "the classics" than all the ravages of time?) The notes and the eleven-page biographical sketch emphasize the influence on his poetry of Browning's great romance, and his interest in all forms of art, including music, painting, architecture, and sculpture.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE GLASSY POND *F. Wright Moxley* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Novel	This strange story of a murderer is by all means the best the author's done. Opening upon a scene of cold-blooded killing in a smart suburban setting, the past of the man responsible is unfolded through subsequent events. It is not a mystery.	Recommended
TILL PASSION DIES *Sidney Fairway* (Kinsey: $2.)	Romance	Brilliant doc whose pedigree listed a disturbing number of crack-pots finds himself in love and worried about transmission of the ancestral taint.	Deeping
A HOUSE ON A STREET *Dale Curran* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Novel	Ex-bond-salesman, socked by depression, finds job managing typical Greenwich Village remodelled apartment house. Change of his viewpoint by new associations brings love and peace he had not felt before. This is a serious attempt which lacks force but remains a passable time-killer.	Okay
I WILL BE FAITHFUL *Kathleen Shepard* (King: $2.)	Light Novel	Miss Shepard's heroine is the Social bud who, tiring of it all, crashes the newspaper game. Just lots of action with a love interest thrown in for girls young and old.	Fudge

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

IT seems to me appropriate that I head this week's department, which will be more or less devoted to poetry, with the following lines that have come to me from "way up-town on the west side." The author is one *Charles L. Todd,* and I think his doggerel verses fairly well express the present status of poetry in America.

TEA WITH AN EDITOR

Jeffers *sulks alone in California,*
Bawling the pathetic fallacy of rocks;
Hart Crane *is gone, and* Aiken's *megalomania*
Has taken on the subtlety of clocks.

Of course, we have the younger set about,
(Some critic caught a gleam from Dillon *once.)*
But where is Frost? *Why doesn't someone shout,*
"Hey, Mending Wall!" . . . and Sandburg *simply grunts.*

In England someone wrote "The Land"—who'll care?
Marsh *laments the Georgians;* Gibson, *well,*
A family, you know . . . and De la Mare
Is through. Blunden *still holds by the asphodel.*

There's some hope in the Irish! Macy's sold
Six Yeats *in a single day. As for the rest,*
Stephens *finds water in his crock of gold;*
Campbell's *down on Riverside—he knows best!*

So runs the talk . . . "Alas for Rupert Brooke!
His face alone spoke finer verse than these."
It's so, my dear, they simply write a book,
Grow fat and bald and form societies.

Ah yes, it's plain that poetry is dead;
We'd best be off to find another trade;
Relinquish Yeats, *read* Stuart Chase *instead;*
Find loves more relevant, less retrograde.

Yet see, I smile a bit, grow fatuous;
Say, "This is so," and "that is surely so"—
Say, "True, good sirs, the blight has come on us . . .
A toast to poor John Keats *before we go!"*

But when it's said, I'll find that secret place
Where you are waiting, arrogantly wise;
And I shall write ten sonnets to your face,
And twenty more in praise of your two eyes.

If you connect poets at all with food and drink and do not believe that they all grow spectre-thin and die, you may be interested to know that an old friend of mine, *Henry Chapin,* who used to live at Boar's Hill writing poetry in the shadow of *Masefield,* is now editing *Wine and Good Living,* a periodical devoted to the art of hospitality and the enjoyment of leisure, sponsoring wine from the consumer's standpoint. Mr. Chapin grows his own vineyard and has made a study of grape-culture and wine-making in France and America. The address of his magazine is 116 East 59th Street. . . . Garçon, a bottle of Burgundy!

Recent books of particular interest are "Dream and Action," by *Leonard Bacon,* and "Wine and Physic," by *Alexander Laing.* Harper publishes the one, Farrar & Rinehart the other. I don't care much for "and" titles; but Leonard's poem is the amazing story of *Arthur Rimbaud,* adventurer, trader, soldier, and poet, and includes a translation of Rimbaud's celebrated "Le Bateau Ivre." Alexander Laing is concerned about another matter, namely the Fate of our Language. In "Wine and Physic" he gives us six essays about it, and a long poem, "The Flowering Thorn." . . . It is quite natural that the recent Pulitzer awards should have resulted in a discussion of possible candidates for such prizes. Several people have asked me what poets I thought might be in line for the poetry award in future — though that would depend, of course, upon what books were published within the given year. I submit the following poets as, by the body of their work already published, worthy of the award, if, during the next year, they publish a new book maintaining their standard. I would choose first the most incredible omissions made by the Pulitzer Poetry Committee. First and foremost, why has *Carl Sandburg* never received the award, when he is widely acknowledged as one of our finest poets? Why, upon the occasion of the publication of her collected poetry was not the award conferred posthumously upon *Elinor Wylie,* as it was upon *Amy Lowell?* Everybody acknowledges that *Elinor Wylie* now ranks among the very few American poets of positive genius. It is incredible that her collected work should have been overlooked. It is equally incredible that so outstanding a poet as *Robinson Jeffers,* a man beside whom most of the versifiers of the day look like pygmies, should not ere this have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize, except that probably he is so big that the little judges, standing in his ample shadow, can't see him at all. The poetry committees seem to have been as flighty as children in picking poets during those few years when they weren't awarding the prize either to *Edwin Arlington Robinson* or to *Robert Frost.* Those were safe bets; but the time came when some sort of halt had to be called. Well, allow me to suggest that the judges read the collected works of the following: for it should be a duty of theirs really to become acquainted with such poetry as has been written in America during the past quarter century. Let them read, for instance, *John G. Neihardt's* "Song of the Indian Wars," and be confounded, as I am, that it never received the prize. Let them read that poem on the Christ theme, "Firehead," by *Lola Ridge,* one of the most astounding books ever written by a woman in America. (Probably they never heard of it!) Let them consider the work of such women as *Genevieve Taggard, Winifred Welles,* and *Léonie Adams,* the work of such men as *Joseph Auslander, Leonard Bacon,* and *George O'Neil.* Those are merely a few suggestions. . . . *Edwin Björkman* is far better known as a critic and translator than he is as a poet, but *Burnley Weaver* at The Gollifox Press in Biltmore, North Carolina, has published at two dollars "The Wings of Azrael," by Edwin Björkman, in paper covers and an otherwise beautiful format. The poem is of interest. . . . A special scout of mine, *The Saturday Review's* valuable *Mr. Louis Greenfield,* reports upon the open-air-poetry market in lower New York:

With frail and poetic strength some thirty-odd Bohemian bards hoisted Mount Parnassus on their shoulders and moved into the heart of Greenwich Village at Washington Square S. to open their second annual outdoor poetry exhibition May 20th in conjunction with National Poetry Week. The show is under the leadership of *Francis McCrudden,* founder of The Raven Poetry Circle of Greenwich Village.

The various productions of these bards are mounted on colored stock, neatly typed and tacked on a high board fence that encloses an excavated plot long forgotten. That in addition to following the Muse the poets have sound fundamentals in salesmanship is evidenced by the numerous ballyhoo signs that urge buying a sonnet, lyric, or a simple thing in experimental verse for a quarter a throw. One bold, bad bard went so far as to offer himself with any poem chosen for $25 and up. A comradely spirit pervades the airy market and the absence of professional animosities lend gayety and fun to the project.

John Cabbage, "The Poet of the Dump," is one of the more famous of the outdoor group exhibiting this year. John has written a book, "8 Bells," in addition to reams of verse that has received some favorable comment. Mr. Cabbage, however, doesn't depend upon his verse for a livelihood. He is a member of the New York Department of Sanitation and steers the garbage scow from New York harbor into the sea. Consequently much of John's verse has to do with the sea, sailors, and boats. John Masefield is one of his pals. Mr. Cabbage's style is simple and lyrical, and on some occasions extremely practical. His Fulton Street poem ends with:

Back to the sea now we have to dump you
Instead of eaten up by men—
From fancy dishes—white, pink and blue—
You will be eaten up by sea-gulls and fishes.

John Cabbage sold two of his books and knocked off 70c in sales on miscellaneous verse on opening day.

Join us on this voyage of discovery-

THIS book will not be published for three weeks. In the meantime let us send you, without charge, an autographed copy of THE AUTHOR'S NOTEBOOK as an introduction to this fascinating text. As in the case of ANTHONY ADVERSE just a year ago, the publication of this book has been postponed to June 26 because it is the Literary Guild selection for July. ☛ Write to Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Avenue, New York.

Stars Fell On Alabama *by* CARL CARMER

LITERARY GUILD SELECTION FOR JULY

DO YOU remember The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday? Here is a book equally delightful, the charming and audacious memoirs of the early life of Lord Berners, composer and painter. LONDON TIMES: "Sharp and sweet, wicked yet wise." HUGH WALPOLE: "A book of oddity and wisdom." COMPTON MACKENZIE: "Enchanting." $2.50

First Childhood *by* LORD BERNERS

IS WAR inevitable? After making a cool, accurate and up-to-the-minute survey of embattled Europe, H. R. Knickerbocker, Pulitzer Prize reporter, offers a brilliant analysis of the chances for peace and war ☛ Final, startling additions to the book made necessary by current developments were cabled from Europe! $2.50

The Boiling Point *by* H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

IN HIS first book since ADOLESCENCE, the result of many years of study in Europe, Dr. Frankwood Williams shows how the Russian experiment has proved that the proper training of youth will do away with neuroses and the need for psychiatrists. Illustrated with photographs. $2.50

Russia, Youth AND THE PRESENT-DAY WORLD *by* FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D.

CONTAINING *The Flowering Thorn,* the first philosophic poem since *The Waste Land,* and a group of critical essays on the fate of our language that will create as great a sensation and stir up fully as much discussion as did T. S. Eliot ten years ago. With suitable decorations by Isabel Lattimore. $2.00

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The New Books

Biography

THE PRINCE CONSORT AND HIS BROTHER. Edited by Hector Bolitho. Appleton-Century. 1934. $3.50.

There is little in these letters from the Prince Consort to his scapegrace brother, Duke Ernst of Coburg, to change our estimate of Albert the Good. The Prince was not an exciting correspondent, and in his letters he occasionally lapses into his best state-paper manner. But there is something appealing about his concern for Ernst, whose gods were clearly not the gods of Albert. Neither morality nor duty seem to have found place in his code, and Albert's attempts to introduce them ("I have never yet seen anyone succeed in overcoming the laws of nature by putting moral duties aside") seem pathetically futile. Yet through it all there runs a current of genuine affection and a minimum of condescension. The Prince Consort did not conceive of himself as apostle to the less virtuous Coburgers.

If the letters do not add a great deal, they at least underscore the course of Albert's development. The callow sententiousness of his earlier letters, their preoccupation with abstract principles and deified morality gradually disappears, squeezed out by more immediate problems of a growing family and an increasing part in national affairs. For the rest, the correspondence consists of entertaining and sometimes illuminating comments on family matters, bulletins of arriving babies (Albert was in no doubt about his essential function in the English state), and observations on domestic and foreign politics. That the Prince Consort never became acclimated to England is again abundantly revealed. If his labors were grossly underestimated by "an unappreciative country," it is equally true that the English character remained, to Albert, an unsolved puzzle. D. O.

EVANGELS OF REFORM. By Mortimer Brewster Smith. New York: Round Table Press. 1934. $2.50.

Nine evangels sit to Mr. Smith for their silhouette portraits. The proportion of heroes to heroines is five to four, a flattering ratio for the women, all things considered. Innocent of scholarship, and so of pedantry, these biographical sketches, penned in desultory fashion but with sincerity and a pleasing restraint, will afford the reader a few agreeable and moderately instructive hours.

Somewhat startling is the book's span, which hurdles time and space to range from Savonarola to Gandhi, from Mary Wollstonecraft to Margaret Sanger. Scarcely of a stature, yet the author seeks to preserve unity in stressing a compulsion, sometimes a desire, for martyrdom. Annie Besant gets into the book, and Theodore Parker, quite forgotten by this generation. George Fox, first of the Quakers; William Lloyd Garrison and Susan B. Anthony are the other subjects sketched.

Mr. Smith justly concludes that evangels of reform are afflicted with a touch of madness. But aren't we all? Society imposes a number of quite lunatic conventions upon us. The sane man accedes timorously to the majority will. The reformer battles wildly for measures of ultimate sanity. It is the ferocity of his battle, not his guiding purpose, which psychology terms mad. Mr. Smith respects reformers most earnestly; in them, rather than in bolshevik rebels, he places reliance of hope for the future. As time has a way of unfolding only too rapidly, we needn't argue the point; we'll find out soon enough.

C. R.

Economics

THE NEW CAPITALISM. By James D. Mooney. Macmillan. 1934. $3.50.

Here is an unusual book, constructed upon a novel plan. First of all the author undertakes a portrayal of the economic world in which we Americans live. This is done almost exclusively through the medium of pictorial illustrations—there are only eleven pages of text in the sixty-six pages of Section I. These illustrations are remarkable. Technical work of high grade, in photography, engraving, and press work, is combined with extraordinary judgment in the selection of subjects so as to present a picture that is vital, true to reality, and thought provoking.

There follows a section—evidently regarded by the author as the heart of the book—which essays to expound certain principles of economics by means of analogies drawn from the science of hydraulics. The hydraulics, illustrated by elaborate diagrams, are clear, interesting, and correct—as hydraulics. It is very doubtful if they serve any useful purpose in clarifying economic principles. Indeed the author himself is not too sure of his economics. To cite a single example, he clings to the time-honored contradiction that "as price rises supply rises, and as supply rises price falls" (with the corresponding statement as to demand), the obvious result of employing the term supply (and demand) in two different senses in the same proposition. Had the author attempted to apply his hydraulic analogy to this whole proposition, instead of only half of it, he would have realized that something was wrong.

Nevertheless there is merit in this book. Its keynote is reliance upon sound economic principles and the realities of life. It breathes a spirit of optimism and courage based upon order, sound judgment, and common sense. Though it may have failed to realize the author's vision as an exposition of economic principles, it will doubtless be interesting and helpful to many readers.

F. R. F.

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM. By Kirby Page. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

If data alone could overcome the dictates of self-interest and tradition, this book by one of the editors of *The World To-Morrow* would have a great influence. Mr. Page has collected some of the choice inanities of the business moguls, both before and after 1929. He has selected statistics on relative incomes, both corporate and private. He has transmitted the results of long and varied reading to his carefully indexed and annotated pages. His italics are numerous and to the point; his exposition is straightforward. He has successfully produced "a convenient source-book and handy reference work" which should be a boon to those who are perplexed by the complexity of politico-economics.

It is assumed that a subsidiary objective of the book is to convince the reader of the wisdom of joining the Socialist party. To this question the author has failed to apply the full powers of his dialectic. He sometimes arrives at conclusions with a hop, a skip, and a jump. Because he does not attempt to face such practical difficulties, Mr. Page's chapter on "Objections to Socialism" is disappointing; but on other phases of the movement his remarks are learned and consistent. A clergyman himself, he has salient comments to make on the relationship of religion to the social order, which should give some of the glib pulpit-pounders furiously to think.

R. G.

Fiction

THE GREAT ONE. By Henry Hart. Day. 1934. $2.50.

This is a first novel about an American politician, whose career begins in Philadelphia, and who rises—or, according to the author, falls—until he controls the Pennsylvania Republican machine and is one of the greatest powers in national affairs. Even those not very deeply instructed in happenings west of the Dela-

(*Continued on next page*)

By
Malcolm Cowley

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THE *first book* to reveal fully what the "lost generation" of American writers was seeking in its flight from hometown to Greenwich Village—from the Village to Paris—from Paris to New England farms. . . The first book to tell what the members of the "lost generation" have found. . . Cowley shows how they were self-exiled not only from America, but from reality—and why they are returning to both. . . What America may expect from them is foreshadowed in Cowley's conclusions concerning the remarkable change that has taken place.

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"His book is touching, interesting, amusing; it reveals a likeable soul and should appeal to a much wider audience than the literary group with which it is concerned."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

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VII. NO ESCAPE
EPILOGUE

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The Crime Club brings great news—H. C. Bailey's first full-length novel about Mr. Reginald Fortune!—Coming June 6th—$2

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PLAGUE COURT MURDERS *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Noxious old London house scene of grisly crime, uncanny developments, slick deducing and shuddery end.	Story sends copious creeps up and down spine, though involved explanation put crick in judge's neck.	Excellent plus
MURDER UPSTAIRS *Adams Bliss* (Macrae, Smith: $2.)	Party with passion for carving bops off Mrs. Penny's star boarder and maid. Mrs. P. and Lt. Larrabee are worried.	Hidden lives of boarders, revealed by double crime, rival murders for interest. Detective work average with thrilling finish.	Worth reading
DEATH IN THE STATE HOUSE *Timothy Knox* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Somebody stabs the Gov. and "hick" detective follows slimy trail to unpleasant conclusion.	Excellent sleuthing and plot a-plenty, but despite all that the ending just ain't genteel.	Good
MURDER AMONG THE NUDISTS *Peter Hunt* (Vanguard: $2.)	Lady nudist found dead near washing-machine, bringing Alan Miller, Hammett-like sleuth, to colony.	Capable yarn, dreary background, end disappointing. Washing-machine not defective, and book is not illustrated.	Mystery market lean

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ware can hardly fail to grasp the parallel between the fictional career of Mr. Hart's Bayard Stuart and that of a prominent Senator who died in 1920. The accuracy of the portrait, which presents Stuart as a monument of selfishness and a master of all the arts of political corruption, may be left to the experts. Certainly he is not a sympathetic figure and has not even the excuse, in Mr. Hart's version, of believing in himself.

Meanwhile, judged purely as a novel, "The Great One" calls for more than usual indulgence. The author has an unconventional and often thoroughly interesting point of view. He possesses something of the indignation and talent for melodramatic narrative which would be necessary in the making of an ironic novel of American politics. But technically his work still seems unsure, and the effect of many excellent passages is almost completely spoiled by the inclusion of other useless and discordant ones. The story is abnormally slow in getting under way; the hero's political career, for instance, does not begin until a third of the book is past. Finally, when a recognizable outline of the young man has been filled in and the first real climax of the book reached, Mr. Hart appears to have found his material overabundant, and has been reduced to skipping the rest of Stuart's life giving us only the deathbed memories of the dying Senator to end an already voluminous novel. There should be room these days for a good satirical portrait of an American politician, but this isn't it.

T. P., JR.

THE PHANTOM EMPEROR. By Neil H. Swanson. Putnam. 1934. $2.50.

One quite extraordinary feat that Mr. Swanson has accomplished is the building of a long novel upon the few facts that are known about an actual American character, James Dickson, who proclaimed himself an emperor and raised a private army to conquer a kingdom for himself in the American southwest. He is probably one of the most mysterious characters in American history. He succeeded in enlisting sixty men in his Indian Liberating Army, mustered them in Buffalo, N. Y., issued commissions, sailed westward through the Great Lakes, and was defeated by the Minnesota wilderness in winter. The scene of "The Phantom Emperor" is the Great Lakes region. The story begins with a bang in the Newport Elegant House, in 1836, switches to the Bear's Head Tavern in Buffalo, and proceeds at a rattling pace with all the proper historical trimmings. For "love interest" there are a young American frontiersman and a French girl who has grown up in Army camps. President Jackson has sent Guerdon Warrener to see what one Phil Dufresne is up to, who has first cut a swath in Washington, then become strangely interested in the Indian service and in Indians that came to Washington, then in hiring young men in Canada to go upon a western expedition, and finally has signed a proclamation to the Indians in Spanish territory, calling himself commander-in-chief of the Indian Liberating Army, Montezuma Second, and Emperor of North America. President Jackson is worried. He thinks Dufresne may be in the pay of the British. Warrener has suffered from the Indians in the past, they killed his father and raped his mother; for revenge he has acquainted himself with Indian ways; has lived with the Dacotah, because thus he could revenge himself on the Ojibways. For these and other reasons Jackson has picked him for the present mission.

It would not be fair to give away the complicated plot of this long historical romance, save to say that there is—among other matters of derring-do—a grand sea-fight in the book. There is plenty of excitement and battle and blood and love.

"The Phantom Emperor" is a better book than most of its kind. It has action enough to satisfy the most action-seeking of readers, and besides that it has a great deal of interesting historical detail and a decided knack on the part of the author for the re-creation of an historical period. Neil Swanson may yet achieve a Sabatini audience. He has abilities in that direction.

W. R. B.

International

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA. By Harry F. Guggenheim. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

When a former diplomat writes about the country to which he has been accredited, the resulting work is apt to differ considerably from the conclusions of observers who are either less informed or more impartial. Mr. Guggenheim is no exception to this tendency, though he refers comparatively little to his own activities; his book is a relatively new approach to the various elements which have prevailed in the relations between the United States and her island neighbor. He likewise outlines a proposal for treaty revision which, being based upon the best advised estimates, is probably a close approximation of the next moves in the conciliatory policy now in force.

The hypothesis, widely accepted in most Latin-American countries, that the United States is still an imperialistic power, receives careful attention, as Mr. Guggenheim is at some pains to prove that American penetration of Cuban economy was at first gradual, even necessary to rehabilitation, and that after the 1921 collapse

(*Continued on next page*)

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

AMERICAN LITERATURE (Duke University) for March scored a genuine scoop with "Emily Dickinson's Earliest Friend," by George F. Whicher. A hitherto unpublished letter which Emily wrote to Edward Everett Hale in January, 1854, identifies past question the "tutor" whom she mentions in several later letters, and incidentally deflates half a dozen picturesque and romantic theories about her. The tutor proves to be not Leonard Humphrey but Benjamin F. Newton of Worcester, Mass., who from 1847 to 1849 was a law student in Edward Dickinson's office. Newton, who died of tuberculosis in March, 1853, has previously been mentioned in accounts of Emily only as the donor of Emerson's "Poems" in 1849. Mr. Whicher's summary of his conclusions is fully supported by his facts:

> From a careful reading of her own factual statements it is difficult to avoid two leading impressions: first, that not one man, but several men in succession were of great importance to her; and, second, that tenderly as she was attached to them all, the relationship that she demanded of each in turn was not that of lover, but of teacher. Not for nothing was she brought up in a New England college town.

The January issue of this journal was also excellent. Edward Laroque Tinker's "Cable and Creoles," like Mr. Whicher's article, departs from the academic norm by being well-written as well as informative.

> The two people most heartily hated by the Creoles of Louisiana were "bloody" O'Reilly, who, when governor, executed five of their compatriots for conspiring against Spanish rule, and George Washington Cable, who had the temerity to write of their race. Although these offenses would appear to differ materially in degree of moral turpitude, they seem to have differed not at all in the amount of vindictive rancor they engendered in the Creoles. . . . The real root reason for this deep-seated spleen . . . was that [Cable's] every hope, habit, thought, and even his religion, were in direct conflict with the Creoles. . . .

The article continues with a brilliant analysis of Cable's character and literary achievement, and concludes by claiming that by virtue of his first two books Cable

> is the legitimate father of the literary movement which is producing such splendid fruit in the South today. Cable first, among Southern writers, treated objectively and realistically the life he saw about him, and was first to break the taboo against writing about the Negro. . . . He may well be called the first martyr to the cause of literary freedom in the South.

In the same number, Randall Stewart, whose recent edition of Hawthorne's "American Notebooks" will be remembered, reprints for the first time seven brief articles, mostly book reviews, which Hawthorne contributed to *The Salem Advertiser* between March 25, 1846, and May 10, 1848. The most interesting are reviews of "Typee" and "Evangeline." Fannye N. Cherry discusses the sources of the supernatural elements in "Young Goodman Brown"; John A. Kouwenhoven analyzes Hawthorne's use of material from his notebooks in "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," and W. L. Werner records several new "points" by which second editions of "The Scarlet Letter" may be distinguished from firsts. Other items are a slight uncollected sketch by Washington Irving, and an autobiographical letter from Paul Hamilton Hayne to William Dean Howells.

"*Superb* . . .
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in the N. Y. Evening Post:
"The whole novel is informed with sympathy and understanding; it has warmth as well as color and a glowing love story—a glamorous and well-done novel."

Gertrude Atherton:
"It is brilliant. I have an idea this will soon be a best seller."

John Chamberlain
in the N. Y. Times:
"Her narrative throbs with color, a sense of clarity of hard outline. It should have wide popularity."

Lewis Gannett
in the N. Y. Herald Tribune:
"It succeeds uniquely in re-creating the contemporary emotion of the most romantic moment in the history of America."

Heywood Broun
in the Book-of-the-Month Club News:
"It is a fine book. What a magnificent woman Maria is!"

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the sugar market, the bankers found themselves in a controlling position that was both unsought for and unpleasant. Former conflicting interpretations of the pertinent articles of the Platt Amendment provided no single instrument adequate to solve such a situation, either politically or economically; it is thus implied that the Hoover Administration adopted the most charitable of these, non-intervention, and clung to it throughout.

It is pointed out that, since 1898, getting the United States to intervene in favor of one side or another has been a tradition on which much enthusiasm and ingenuity have been lavished. As for the strictures to which the former Ambassador has been subjected at the hands of other writers on Cuban affairs, they are left almost unrefuted, as the book is not a personal justification but a rather fully documented "study in international relations."

R. G.

DO WE WANT FASCISM? By Carmen Haider. Day. 1934. $2.50.

The full consequences of a disciplined public life in the United States have received but random attention in the many discussions of things political which have followed every step of "Recovery." This book, however, summarizes the probable results of a strictly centralized government, under the dominance of capitalist ideology, and examines the opportunities for the establishment of such control. It is obvious that, though most Americans may agree with the author in not wanting to accept this system, it will be hard to forestall unless the essential elements of such an oligarchy may be quickly recognized, wherever and under whatever name they appear.

To this task of redefinition, almost half the book is devoted; the German and Italian movements are carefully analyzed, and it is made clear that, in these countries, the manual and intellectual workers combined with the unemployed to surrender their individual rights in favor of a planned society which has not yet materialized, and under which their position is as precarious as ever. Here also appears the reason for the paradox that such governments, committed to the ideal of self-sufficiency, must likewise endorse policies of expansion: if all profits were reinvested at home, overproduction and crises endangering state rule would result. The critique of the NRA which follows is informed with the same renunciation of capitalism, with all its public works and private consequences; Miss Haider feels that the codes have done comparatively little to improve the condition of the wage-earners. Fascism, however, would do even less, though it might promise more. As for the chances of a fascist regime in this country, the author hopefully believes them to be small, as they would be indeed, if every one could command so urbane and direct an understanding of its essentials as her own.

R. G.

Miscellaneous

THE EXPLORERS OF NORTH AMERICA, 1492-1806. *By John Bartlet Brebner. Macmillan.* $3.50.

In this volume the narratives of early North American exploration have been presented for the first time in their proper relation to one another, namely as efforts by nationals of several European states to reveal a new-found continent to the world. Mr. Brebner has made a real contribution by dismissing political and nationalistic considerations and bringing the story of North American exploration into an appropriate geographical focus. He makes no pretension of adding anything new of importance to tales that have already been told many times. An unexpected deficiency in the volume is the dismissal of Bering and the Russian fur traders on the northwest coast with three perfunctory pages. For the most part, however, the exploits of the explorers are told in such a manner as to make these actors in a wilderness drama live again. The scholarship is careful and sound. The bibliographies at the end of each chapter are well selected and useful. Mr. Brebner has produced a workmanlike and dependable book.

R. H. G.

EXPLORING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE. By Dorothy Fisk. Oxford University Press. 1934. $1.75.

Since Professor Piccard ascended into the stratosphere the world has become increasingly conscious of its vast and newly enthralling envelope of problems and possibilities.

"Exploring the Upper Atmosphere" brings to the lay reader scientific information concerning our gaseous frontier, beyond which lies a still more baffling riddle—space. Starting with the invention of the balloon, the author writes of its use as an instrument for obtaining information of the upper regions. The book carries on to our more recent and advanced technique of high exploring. Reading it is as though one were ascending, for the author moves upward, through the troposphere, the stratosphere, the ozone layer, the Kennelly layer, or Heaviside, and lastly the Appleton layer, one hundred and forty miles high, where short wave radio impulses are reflected. Not long ago all we laid claim to was air.

Now man feels with sound waves, and measures the ultra-violet and cosmic rays, bringing down a new and entrancing alphabet of symbols. Facts concerning celestial collisions, shooting stars, meteorites are discussed under "Projectiles of Space." The chapter on "Polar Lights" treats of the Aurora. The book is extremely interesting and timely.

F. R.

Brief Mention

Among miscellaneous books we should note a new brief guide book called *England for Everyman,* by H. A. Piehler (Dutton, $1.50) which is especially designed for motorists, with accompanying maps; *Island India Goes to School,* by E. R. Embree, M. S. Simon, and W. B. Mumford (University of Chicago Press, $2), a study elaborately illustrated of methods of modern education in the East Indies; *Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada,* by C. F. Saunders (McBride, $3), said to be "a welcome volume for nature lovers and students of botany, describing the wild plants that are useful as foods, beverages, soap, etc., together with much Indian lore regarding them"; *Civic Education in the United States,* by Charles E. Merriam (Scribners, $1.75), a report on this subject sponsored by the American Historical Association; another book, by C. K. Ogden, on *The System of Basic English* which contains many examples and exercises; *The Writing of Fiction,* by Arthur S. Hoffman, formerly a magazine editor (Norton, $3); a little book called *Realism in the Drama,* by Hugh Sykes Davies (Macmillan, $1.50), which is a historical study, not a set of directions for writing, like the previous book; *Thackeray's Literary Apprenticeship,* by Harold S. Gulliver (Valdosta, Georgia), a study of the early newspaper and magazine work of Thackeray including previously unknown poems, sketches, and criticism; and from the University of California Press, *The Modernist Trend in Spanish American Poetry,* by G. Dundas Craig ($4), a book containing an extensive anthology of modernist poetry in Spanish with translation on the opposite page and also criticism and comments on the modernist trend in this literature.

Latest Books Received

ECONOMICS

Introduction to World Economics. K. Simpson. Harpers. $3.50.

FOREIGN

Comment Marcel Proust A Composé Son Roman. A. Feuillerat. Yale Univ. Pr. *Cuentos de Delfin de las Peñas.* V. M. Rendón. Guayaquil, Ecuador: Sociedad Filantropica del Guayas.

EDUCATION

Grammar Essentials. W. T. Wynn. Atlanta: Smith. *Education in Latin America.* H. L. Smith and H. Littell. American Book Co.

GOVERNMENT

A Political Paradox. H. Frease. Winston. $2.

HISTORY

The Mississippi Question. A. P. Whitaker. Appleton. $3.50.

INTERNATIONAL

Democracy and Nationalism in Europe. H. J. Stimson. Princeton Univ. Pr. $1.25. *The New Deal in Canada.* E. Harris. Toronto: Ryerson.

JUVENILE

"Tony and His Pals." H. M. and F. M. Christeson. Chicago: Whitman. $1. *The Treasure of the Isle of Mist.* W. W. Tarn. Putnams. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

Invalidation of Municipal Ordinances by the Supreme Court of Iowa. Iowa City: State Historical Society. *Some Aspects of the Financial Administration of Johnson County, Iowa.* F. O. Wilcox. Iowa City: State Historical Society. *Gardens in Glass.* M. N. Andrews. Dodd. $1.50. *Oh, Ranger!* H. M. Albright and F. J. Taylor. Dodd. $2. *Faith, Fear and Fortunes.* D. Starch. Richard R. Smith. $2. *Songs of Wild Birds.* A. R. Brand. Nelson $2. *Why I Quit Going to Church.* R. Hughes. New York: Freethought Press. $1. *Socialism, Fascism, Communism.* Ed. J. Shaplen and D. Schub. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.* Representative Selections. Ed. F. I. Carpenter. American Book Co. *Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Representative Selections. Ed. A. Warren. American Book Co. *The Jewish Library.* Third Series. Ed. L. Jung. New York: Jewish Library Pub. Co. $2.50. *Bibliography of Æsthetics and of the Philosophy of the Fine Arts from 1900 to 1932.* Compiled and ed. W. A. Hammond. Longmans. *Conclusions and Recommendations of the Commission on the Social Studies.* Scribners. $1.25. *The Lure of the Old Homestead.* C. G. Jordan. Revell. $2. *Public Opinion, Private Business, and Public Relations.* S. Crowther. Liveright. 25 cents. *International Law.* C. G. Fenwick. Appleton. $4. *Determinants of Investment Practice.* E. Brown, Jr. Macmillan. $2. *The Axiochus of Plato.* Trans. E. Spenser. Ed. F. M. Padelford. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

Double-Crostics: Number 10

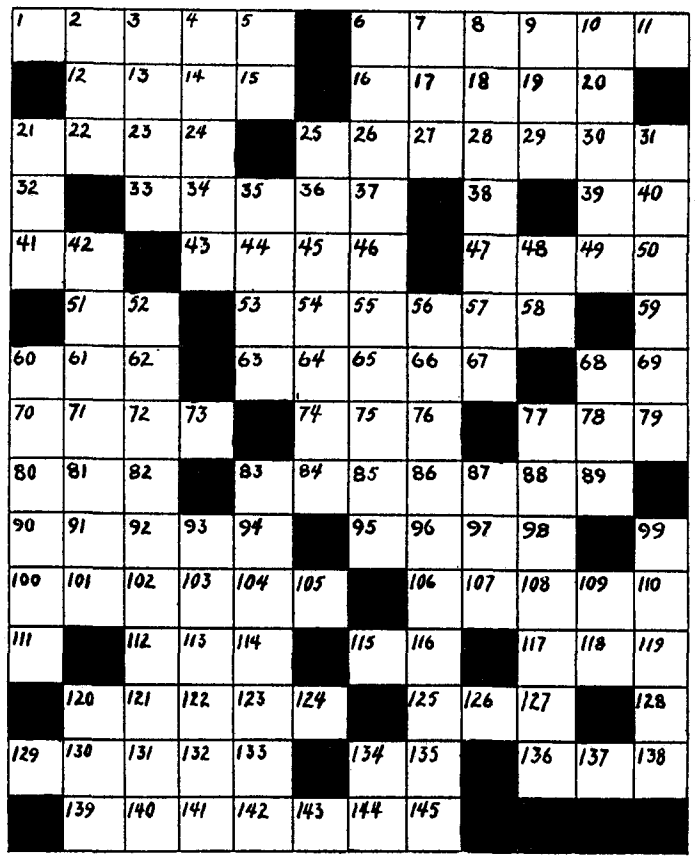
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 112-10-90-26-3-79-54. Third son of a Biblical mariner.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 107-131-124-12-27-84-145. Excels, surpasses.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 69-119-24-127-38-7. Period of fullest vigor.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 23-94-82-63-50-11. Required; was necessary.	_ _ _ _ _
V. 6-13-36-56-25-108-122-92-143. Famous pseudonym (two words).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 22-95-33-60-81-138. During a space of time.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 15-43-113-28-53-137. A poor carriage.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 100-46-72-111-118-125-99-18-58. Oviform (comp.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 49-8-129-41-104-120. The language of diplomacy.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 78-21-106-70-65-74. Sub-diabolical, mischievous.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 5-30-101-73-98-75-61. Hearing distance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 77-121-102-66. A bank in Paris.	_ _ _ _
XIII. 32-55-76-45-110-96-144-2-105. Straight to the point.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 139-14-39-83-130-1-17-67. Fellow-feeling, compassion.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 34-128-29-109-51-42-142-91-126. Compulsive idea or attitude.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 71-87-19-132-44-123. Wise counsellor of the "Iliad."	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 31-20-52-140-62-114-97-57. A new convert.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 103-88-4-16-134-37-133. Exaltation, transport.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 116-35-136-89-9-86-141-64-117-68-48. A flavoring (comp.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 93-135-40-47-59-115-85-80. Sturdy, valiant.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 9)

R. L. STEVENSON—"THE CELESTIAL SURGEON"

If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
..... if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit, broad awake.

INN · by · the · SEA

PRIVATE BEACH

20 Miles East of Watch Hill, R. I.

P. O. WAKEFIELD, R. I. RATES $21 A WEEK UP

See Personals this issue for full description

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, 20 miles east of Watch Hill, R. I. Motor destination Matunuck—P. O. Wakefield, R. I. R.R. Westerly, Kingston Jc., or Wakefield, R. I. Room and Board $21 wk. up. No extras. Free guest use of private bathing beach; bathhouses; inlet pond for crabbing; boats; tennis court; 125 acre private fish and game preserve; good fishing; library several thousand volumes. Electricity; hot and cold water; some private baths; fresh farm vegetables and fruits; gracious atmosphere. Generous discount for all season guests; also free season subscription summer theatre. Write now for reservations to THE INN-BY-THE-SEA, Wakefield, R. I.

SPORTS LODGE on Lake, now $2.00 per day including excellent meals; after Decoration Day $15.00 per week up and $3.50 weekends; modern, baths, tennis court, boat, canoes, riding, private dock, croquet, fishing, separate recreation building; 51 miles from N. Y. Run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J. Phone: NEtcong 413-J-2.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, lobster, new peas; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

J. M.—Please write again—hold the mood and sing your song.—M. B.

VACATION your pet at my Dog's Boarding School. Circular on request. Ruth Clement, Hillsboro, N. H.

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PERSONALS

SWISS MEADOWS—Small old beamed, paneled mountainside farmhouse; also separate cabin; wide fireplaces, library, 500 acres woods, fields, brooks, apple, lilac, wild azalea blossoms (betimes); meals not always regular but ample, served on terrace overlooking Greylock and Berkshire valleys, or beside crackling fires. $5 day, $25 week, including afternoon tea. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

FOR RENT in Berkshires, July and August, furnished apartment for small family. Reasonable. W. Root, Williamstown, Mass.

ENJOY the simple life this summer. Old Vermont farmhouse near literary and artistic colony yet far enough away to secure privacy; furnished adequately; garden vegetables, Grade A milk, eggs and poultry available on farm. $40 per month or $100 for season. Cecil J. P. Dodge, Pawlet, Vermont.

WANTED—Summer tenants for large, light, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, just off East End Avenue. River view. Four rooms and kitchen (two bedrooms), front and rear entrances. Attractively furnished. $45. June to October. PERROT.

VERMEER'S CAMERA gives appreciation to the public, success to artists. Saves years by Home Course or a summer in Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

IS THERE someone lonesome who cares exchange French conversation for going places with refined educated Parisienne lady. Box 745.

ASSISTANCE TO WRITERS given by woman experienced in criticism, editing, revision and collaboration. Special rates offered for opportunity to do this work in the country. Excellent credentials. Box 746.

WRITER, radio scripts, juveniles, poor, ambitious, desires sponsor to send her Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. References. Box 747.

FRENCH INSTRUCTOR and lecturer, intelligent, personable, sense of humor, fluent English, traveled, banking experience, hard working; can drive, shoot, plays excellent bridge. Funds extremely low, must find something for summer (longer considered) tutor, chauffeur, secretary, escort; will travel anywhere or stay put. Hopes for adequate remuneration; any offer of work considered. Box 748.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY to supplant theology. An anti-Christian approach to sex, war, economics and religion. 10 cents. The Arbitrator, 114 E. 31, N. Y. C.

EXPERT STENOGRAPHER, male, 32, well-read, interest books, wants settle publishing, kindred work. Some New York publishing experience, French. Satisfactorily filling, in exile, fourth year of depression job. Aware work is work but present job entirely outside interests. Is combination fairly cultivated mind stenographic speed of potential or immediate interest? Vacation New York June 11 to 23, could interview. Box 749.

THREE persons leading rather Bronte like existence prefer something more on order of "Design for Living." Suggestions. Box 750.

DOES a neurologist seek a human guinea pig for illimitable mental vivisection? Fantasmagoria.

YOUNG MAN seeking unusual and interesting contact. Present uneventful mundane job slowly breaking his spirit. Assets—expert bridge player, savoir-faire, front and brains. Will accept any unusual offer in strictest confidence. Box 751.

YOUNG WOMAN, bored with school teaching and its limitations, would like to correspond with interesting men. A sense of humor the most important qualification. E.

WANTED: Nice group or loving pair, possessing $80, to sublet my 4-room Greenwich, Connecticut, apartment for July and August. Island bathing privileges. Private sun coop. Box 752.

JEWISH GIRL desires reliable party share 4 or 5 room apartment. Low rental, Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Box 753.

I HAVE two clients and want two more. I am going to Europe as financial and economic reporter and business agent. The cost would not be burdensome. Are you interested? Address Box 754.

YOUNG MAN, twenty-two, forced to leave college for financial reasons. Absolutely anything undertaken with future; go anywhere. Good health and appearance. Friendly disposition and willing to work hard. Box 755.

"APPRECIATION," monthly publication, teaching therapeutics of fine arts. One dollar subscription giving you personal correspondence with editor for one year. Martin Brophy, 507 Ellicott, Buffalo, N. Y.

IF TRILBY of Pittsburgh will send us her *correct* address, there are many letters in the REVIEW office which will be forwarded to her. Personals Department.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

WHAT TO DO WITH LEISURE

WE feel like singing hosannas, for at last, after months of pondering at odd moments on the far-flung subject of what to do with leisure, we are possessed of two useful handbooks for the solution of the problem. We rejoice not only in their possession but also in the fact that at last we can disburden our conscience of the load that has weighed upon it during these many, many weeks in which we have failed to answer a correspondent.

Long ago A. C. L. of San Francisco, Cal., *wrote to us as follows: "I am interested and seeking information on the subject of how men, upwards of sixty years of age, either as individuals or in groups, living in modest retirement, might, by a mutually pleasing system or wholesome cooperative practices or a program or a routine, mutually aid in improving the leisure incident to their retirement and enhancing the joys of their passing years in such matters as exercise, recreation, games (in or outdoors), entertainments, reading, singing, social gatherings, etc."*

The first of our books is specifically intended for New Yorkers, but by applying its suggestions to other cities insofar as their resources permit, it could be made to yield light and leading for any locality. "Spend Your Time," as the slim volume is called, was compiled by the Parent-Teacher Association of the Lincoln School, and is issued by the Bureau of Publications of Teachers' College, Columbia University. It is a careful listing of the facilities for recreation of the city—of its parks, museums, exhibitions, schools, scientific, historical, and civic institutions, its music, art, and recreation publications and organizations, and is adapted to both individuals and groups. To follow the paths it opens up would be to acquire a liberal education as well as forever to lay the spectre of boredom. The second volume, a booklet issued in paper covers for the small sum of twenty-five cents by the Leisure League of America, is by the essayist and advertising expert, Earnest Elmo Calkins, who (we had almost said by virtue of his deafness since he has turned that handicap into the source of fruitful hobbies) has become a very Golconda of information on the ways of spending time agreeably and profitably. "Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses" he terms his little volume, and into it he has packed a vast amount of specific suggestion. After some nine brief chapters of general discussion, Mr. Calkins presents a questionnaire designed to assist in the choosing of a congenial spare-time recreation, and this he follows with a comprehensive "finding list of hobbies." Having spent half of his pages in thus posing his general scheme, he turns his book over to an extensive bibliography prepared by Hugh Brotherton. From mountain climbing and circus production to book collecting and mathematics, with dozens of other pastimes and occupations included, the list affords references to literature covering prospective hobbies. Here, too, as in the Lincoln School book, occupations presented for the individual can with a little ingenuity be applied to the group. With these two manuals on the spending of leisure, or with the suggestions to be derived from either of them, A. C. L. will, we think, begin to wonder how the years can furnish enough idle hours to compass his interests.

TRAINING THE MEMORY

P. W. of Jamestown, N. Y., *writes us that he wants the titles of books dealing with "mental concentration" and memory, and wishes works that he can use as textbooks.*

We had just made some preparatory investigations into the literature of these subjects, and were getting ready to suggest to P. W. that a good general psychology like Kitson's, Poffenberger's, or Ewer's would be a wise way of starting out on his studies, when Professor Jastrow dropped in to see us. We cornered him with glee, knowing that our perplexities were solved and P. W.'s interests authoritatively served. Mr. Jastrow warned us that much of what exists on memory training is charlatanry, and he remarked incidentally that the trouble with most people is that they are ready to believe that the blame for faulty memories rests everywhere except in the fact that their own memories are poor. However that may be, he went on to say that one of the best books on concentration is T. S. Knowlson's THE SECRET OF CONCENTRATION (Harpers), and he recommended highly T. H. Pear's volume, REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING. Mr. Pear is professor of psychology and dean of the faculty of science at the University of Manchester, England, and one of the outstanding men in his profession in Great Britain. He incorporates into his book, Professor Jastrow says, some discussion of Freud and psycho-analysis. Here, of course, is a recent work, but Mr. Jastrow suggests also an older—none other than Samuel Butler's UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY (Dutton), one of the works in which he set forth his dissent to Darwin's theories. Incidentally, it may interest P. W. as much as it did us to learn that Darwin fancied himself a psychologist.

TALES OF BOSTON

We are sadly cramped for space but we cannot resist printing instead of mailing our answer to the following request.

Will you please give me a list of novels that have used Boston as a background during the past twenty-five years, writes R. de L. of Wayzata, Mich.

We print our list because we know that our own omissions will be supplied by our readers, and we're curious to see just what obvious titles we have forgotten. Here is what we have brought together—with the addition of John Dos Passos's STREETS OF NIGHT (Doubleday, Doran), contributed by our associate, George Stevens.

A CANDLE IN THE WILDERNESS. Irving A. Bacheller. Bobbs-Merrill.

O, GENTEEL LADY! Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin.

THE CHIPPENDALES. Robert Grant. Scribners.

DIANA STAIR. Floyd Dell. Farrar & Rinehart.

JUNIPER HILL. Marian Winnek. Bobbs-Merrill.

DARK HORSE. Robert Grant. Houghton Mifflin.

MARRIED MONEY. H. W. H. Powel. Little Brown.

WIND FROM THE SEA. Ruth Blodgett. Harcourt, Brace.

FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON. Annie Marble. Lothrop.

BOSTON. Upton Sinclair. Boni.

DECEIT. Barklie McKee Henry. Dodd, Mead.

KENDALL'S SISTER. Robert Swasey. Little, Brown.

WIND BETWEEN THE WORLDS. Alice Brown. Macmillan.

WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY. Arthur Train. Scribner.

LOUISBURG SQUARE. Robert Cutter. Macmillan.

JERRY. Arthur S. Pier. Houghton Mifflin.

PHOENIX. Constance M. Warren. Houghton Mifflin.

AN OMNIBUS REPLY

Miscellaneous questions have been piling in on us so fast that we must resort to some rapid method of dispatching them. What better than the omnibus which has become so fashionable a vehicle for gathering together widely variant productions? So here's an omnibus reply:

Mrs. A. N. H. of Rome, Georgia, wants a book from which she can learn to read and write Spanish at home. BRIGHTER SPANISH (Holt), by L. de Baeza, and SPANISH COMPOSITION (Norton), by E. A. Forster, between them ought to do the trick. *M. E. T. of Grenada, Miss.,* asks for a list of books on Norse and Teutonic mythology and a good translation of the Eddas. Guerber's MYTHS OF NORTHERN LANDS (American Book Co.) has long been the popular work on the Norse and Teutonic myths; a year or two ago Padraic Colum issued a volume entitled CHILDREN OF ODIN (Macmillan), covering the ground with the skill and felicity of style that mark all his writings. As to the EDDAS, R. B. Anderson's version of the YOUNGER, and Thorpe's of the ELDER, are standard. WRITING THE PHOTOPLAY (Home Correspondence School) ought to give *S. S. G. of Chicago, Ill.,* who wishes guidance in writing scenarios, the sort of information of which he is in search.

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BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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The AMEN CORNER

The Oxonian has just returned from a week-end in Baltimore where he saw Edith Gittings Reid. She said she saw Dr. William Welch frequently throughout his last illness and he read her *Woodrow Wilson: The Caricature, the Myth and the Man*,[1] and *Some People* by Harold Nicolson[2] just before his death and enjoyed them much. Mrs. Reid lives in a house which has been changed little in the last forty years. Everything is just as it was when Wilson, Cleveland, and Osler used to drop in. On the mantel stands the clock which kept Wilson awake. He locked it in a large cupboard but still it ticked too loud and then he rolled it in a blanket off his bed and shivered. Osler used to come in on Saturdays and make bedlam playing with the children. That admirable life of Sir William Osler, *The Great Physician*, is selling steadily in its new $1.50 edition. *Woodrow Wilson* is being widely and well reviewed. Writing of it George McLean Harper says: ". . . an immortal hero emerges from the catastrophe. The world lost its chance, as Princeton lost hers ten years before, but history gained a son of glory. To this climax Mrs. Reid's book marches with solemn step, and I laid it down most deeply moved. . . . No question of Mrs. Reid's sincerity can arise at any point in her book, nor any doubt of her moral fitness to write it. She has the height from which to survey her subject and sufficient depth of nature to judge of underlying motives. There is no trace of cleverness in her pages, but there are many deep things. . . ." And Newton D. Baker writes: "This story of Mr. Wilson's life by an intimate and sympathetic friend, as well as by a talented and understanding woman, is an important contribution in a field where as yet a colder scholarship has predominated. The future will want to know something about the man as well as the statesman, and Mrs. Reid has made a significant contribution from that point of view."

What fun we had with Dorothy Fisk's *Exploring the Upper Atmosphere*.[3] We read it one day, sent it to the printers the next and had had it in the shops in three weeks. It was published on May 10th and reviews are coming in. Clayton Hoagland in the *New York Sun* warms our hearts with his enthusiasm. "It is not only the first popular book on the stratosphere," he writes, "it is among the most interesting volumes that have appeared on problems of modern science. I found it more instructive than Sir Arthur Eddington's work on the expanding universe. She writes with humor and fine understanding of what laymen should know concerning the balloon voyages into the stratosphere and the latest studies of sound, heat, and light." From London a whole batch of enthusiastic reviews came in by this mail (seventeen, to be exact) and here are one or two. "There should be a large public for it . . . under the magic of the author's pen one sees 'the upper air burst into life.' "—*Times*. "Fascinating," says the *Daily Telegraph*. We believe this really exciting book by a woman who can make the starry heavens plain sailing even for the Oxonian will be very widely read.

We are glad to think Dr. Welch chuckled over *Some People*, which Harold Nicolson himself in his stimulating article last week called "an experiment in the most impure form of biography, that of biographical fiction." All good people with a real sense of humor delight in it. Otis Skinner came in to see us and to take away six more copies to give away, saying: "These sketches are altogether delightful, and the Oxford University Press deserves a vote of thanks for publishing them."

And you really must ask your bookseller to show you the *World's Classics*' series to which this book is a recent addition. Take *Some People* and one or two of Constance Holme's novels, in these nice little blue cloth books, slip them in your pocket and enjoy your train journey, and even the rolling sea.

Speaking of articles in the last *Saturday Review*, Haakon Chevalier is the author of *The Ironic Temper: Anatole France and His Time*,[5] which the Oxford Press publishes.

We have spent the week-end reading the proofs of an enchanting book, "A London Child in the Seventies," by M. Vivian Hughes. It will be out in August, and it will have a big success, we predict.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.50. (2) 80c. (3) $1.75. (4) 80c each. (5) $3.50.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Angusta ad Augusta

By W. S. HALL

Some years ago I was waiting on the station platform at Digby, N. S., for the boat train—the *Bluenose Express*. I had the usual number of small things on my mind and I am certain, as I waited I was not thinking of E. Weyhe. Nevertheless it was E. Weyhe, looking very summery, who greeted me. I knew by his garb he wasn't taking the train. "Yes I stay here all summer—I have a farm."

This rustic touch is recalled by way of introduction so that I may tell why it is possible for the head of a thriving, healthy business to absent himself annually, from May to September, from his shop. (An extraordinary absence too, for no mail is received, Weyhe preferring to gaze at the Bay of Fundy rather than at up-and-down letters from New York.) There are four reasons why Weyhe can so unconcernedly stay away from it all; their names are Zigrosser, van Uittenbroek, Duttwyler and Canadé. Must be quite a shop? It is.

E. Weyhe was born in Salzwedel, Germany, 1882. Before the war he had a bookshop in London, on Charing Cross Road. He left for America, as it seems, just about in time, making the journey completely broke. Broke but busy—a music-hall show on board let him have charge of a pack of Borzoi hounds, giving him little time to think of the future. Arrived in New York, he found quarters in West 13th Street and was faced with the quick necessity of earning six dollars a week to pay for room and board. With George Mischke he opened a tiny basement store on Lexington Avenue near 23rd Street. The following summer he spent on a farm in Maine, thinking things over at five dollars a week. The next move was deskroom in a bookstore on 4th Avenue. Then in 1916 came a real step ahead. He rented the back room of a plumber's shop at 708 Lexington Avenue, paying $30 a month rent, with the plumber retaining the sole privilege of window display. It was in this mixed atmosphere that, hunting for a book on German Ex Libris, I met E. Weyhe. I got the book and still have it.

In the fall of 1918 Weyhe moved one door north to No. 710, retaining the old premises as stockroom. Three years later, with stacks of books threatening to burst upward through the ceiling, he started looking around. He looked at No. 794 between 60th and 61st Streets, liked it, bought it (the whole building!), remodeled it to the tune of $35,000, moved in and there he now is.

No matter how determinedly one may be walking on Lexington Avenue in that neighborhood, it seems impossible not to notice the shop. The window and entrance are bordered by tiles patterned "chequy or and azure." But while the tiles may attract it's the window that holds. There's never a great load of stuff in it—it's too small for that anyway. There simply manages to be a nice balance of books, small sculptures, prints and paintings slightly indicative of what's inside. And I don't think it is disputed that what's inside constitutes, so far as books are concerned, the largest collection on the subject of art in America. And in all languages, naturally.

Over this department "Mr. Van" presides with grace and knowledge, a knowledge that embraces the whole history of art books and fine printing. Or in other words from the very first books made to those hot off the press.

Books occupy the street floor, the basement (a maze), the rear of the second floor and for all I know further on up to the roof. Weyhe lives at 794 and probably has the surplus stock of Nuremberg Chronicles and other bulky gems in his clothes closet.

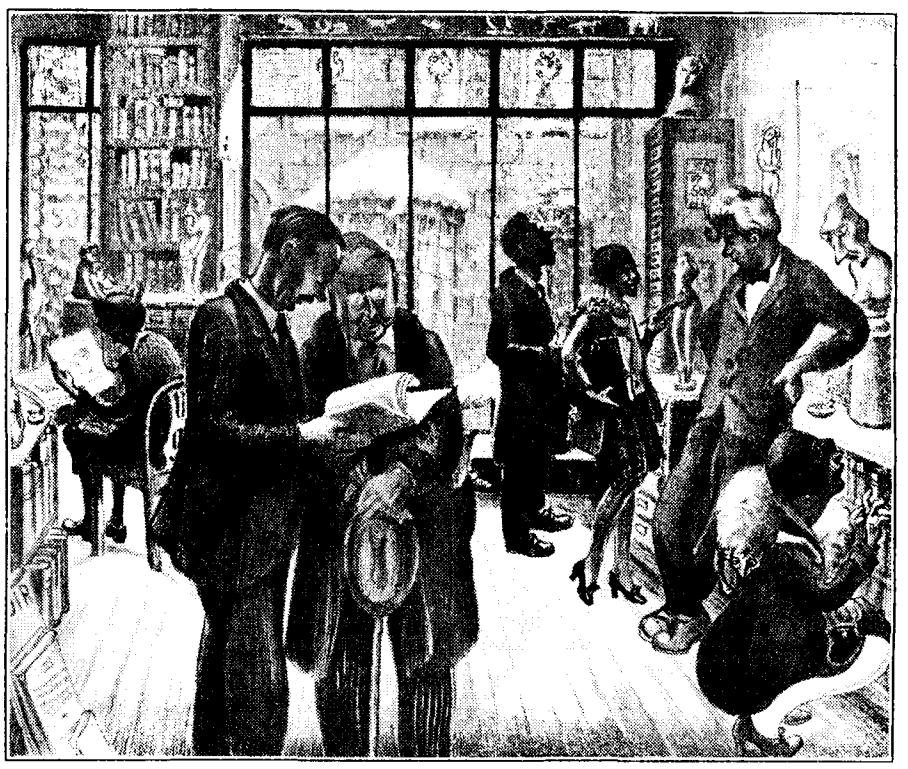
The art gallery occupies the second floor front; it is reached by a narrow stairway whose ascent is made slow and lingering by the strategic arrangement of prints, fixed eye-high all the way up. There are always one or more shows on in the gallery; prints, oils, water-colors, sculpture, and the art shown is nearly always Modern. And more important—by living artists. Attention is likely to be pleasantly distracted by a tall young man with lots of hair—on top and around the chin. Like as not he will be gazing, quietly lost in admiration, at one of the exhibits. That is Carl Zigrosser.

The gallery is an institution in itself, not a side line of the bookshop. Its birth was as quiet and obscure as that of the parent venture; its success has been equally triumphant. Zigrosser opened the gallery in 1919 with an exhibition of Daumier lithographs. A showing of water-colors by Arthur B. Davies which Knoedler might have been proud of, came next. Prices were as high as $750; sales exceeded $10,000. With the proceeds Weyhe bought 260 modern paintings by Alfred H. Maurer.

Weyhe makes an annual trip to Europe. On his first trip (1921) he tried to corner the old atlas market by buying every Blaeu, Mercator, and John Speed he could lay his hands on. That was a red-hot craze while it lasted but an understandable one; I didn't know until my recent talk with Weyhe that I had him to thank for the steadily increasing prices I had to pay good old E. Gottschalk for my maps.

This at best is but an outline, a dull sketch of an unusual subject, be it E. Weyhe, Esq., or E. Weyhe, the shop. He really should write his memoirs after the fashion of Lackington, Spencer, Heinemann, Mumby. Or, knowing how a Zigrosser preface can make even a dull subject sparkle, let Carl do it.

I would like to be able to analyze the Weyhe "success" but I shouldn't think of trying. But I do know from having sold him that he knows how to buy. And from having been a customer I can attest to his acute ability to sell. Add to that the fact that he carries on without "assistance" from banks by sticking to the cash-on-hand system, add his very evident knack of picking the right persons to run his shop and letting them run it—well, there it is, I suppose.



WEYHE'S AT CHRISTMAS TIME
Reproduced from a caricature by Mabel Dwight.

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